

Sports Illustrated

MAY 30, 1985

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Look at the similarity in these two irons! Note how closely the Elite 2-iron resembles a 7. You play it with the assurance of a 7-iron, too, since there is no difference in playability with the Elite stainless steel irons—the first "visually coordinated" set of irons ever made.

It took time—none of this happened in a week or a month. For more than a year now, leading professionals across the United States have been testing the

Elite stainless steel irons. This is a typical professional reaction.

"How can you be afraid of the long irons when you can't tell which are the long irons?"

Now, about stainless steel—the finest steel ever used in an iron. For years, club makers experimented with it. Spalding has now succeeded in perfecting a technique that combines the strength and durability of the finest steel ever developed with the feel and lasting beauty golfers will appreciate.

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Two new exclusive grips are available only on Elite irons: The Spalding Cord-Control Grip™ or the Baby Call-skin leather Cushion Form Grip™.

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Take the fear out of every iron with the new Elite irons.

*Design Pat. Applied for. Sold only through golf professional stores.

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Contents

MAY 10, 1965 Volume 22, No. 19

Cover photograph by Don Gratz

24 Roses for the Shoe

Wally Stroschek's wife wore roses to the Kentucky Derby, and Willie won some more with Lucky Debonair

30 Deadly Slide for the Dodgers

Tommie Davis broke his ankle and shattered Los Angeles chances for the pennant

32 A Hard Toe Right to the Jaw

Montreal's Toe Blake is a hockey coach who doesn't pull punches. That's why he won the Stanley Cup

34 This Is the Way the Girls Go

Two teen-agers not only outran their boy friends; they set records and manage to look cute and feminine, too

48 When Your Eye Is off the Pitcher

Spectacular color photographs reveal the extraordinary g-rains of a pitcher's body after he throws the ball

54 Tennis on the Coconut Beat

In exchange for a few hours on the court, players on the Caribbean tour lead a life of sun, swimming and parties

76 The Once Forbidding Land

L.B.J. country—the Hill Country—is an integral part of the state of Texas, and yet it is an entity in itself

The departments

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| 16 Scorecard | 74 Golf |
| 62 People | 95 Baseball's Week |
| 65 Rugby | 96 For the Record |
| 72 Bridge | 97 19th Hole |

24

30

32

34

48

54

76

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Credits on page 96

Next week

CONTROVERSIAL Bill Voock has written an explosive book about baseball. In the first of five parts, he gives an insider's account of the Keane resignation and the Beers dismissal.

SPORT IN SCOTLAND is a growing attraction for Americans. Color photographs and a firsthand report detail the delights of shooting, fishing and pony trekking in the heather.

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JACK NICKLAUS



When you swing like a pro, you'll be a pro. (See p. 41)

"THE VICTORY by Jack Nicklaus in the Masters," says Bobby Jones, in the *New York Times*, "was the greatest tournament performance in golf history."

Now, in his first book, **MY 55 WAYS TO LOWER YOUR GOLF SCORE**, Nicklaus shows you how to slash strokes from your game. It is a step-by-step revelation of his approach, his golf thinking, and his championship technique.

Here is what he has to say about his book:

"Some time ago, *Sports Illustrated* invited me to do a series of articles. They teamed me up with Francis Golden, a brilliant artist who knows the mechanics of the game of golf almost as well as I do. Between us, we came up with what I honestly feel is a new kind of golf instruction: pictures that so clearly show such things as firm grip, smooth stroke, movements of arms and legs, that the word explanations can always be short and absolutely to the point. The lavish use of as many as four colors per picture — plus a series of color arrows, properly placed — make this possible. (No other golf instruction pictures or photographs I've seen can come close to these in simplicity or clearness.)

"Those magazine articles, which originally started out as a ten-parter, were so well received that they grew and grew — first into a regular feature, and now, this book. I'm very proud of my book, because over the years I've read just about everyone else's golf book. And while some of them were helpful, too many of them (in my opinion) take you too far back from where you happen to be. Others strain at picking the specks out of the pepper, or overemphasize one phase of the game at the expense of others. I don't fall into any of these traps.

Here we go . . . my 55 ways

"You're not going to agree with everything I say — because I don't believe in all the generally accepted principles of golf. But everything I tell you I've profited from. And as you know, I've had a fair degree of success. So let's go.

"You'll find out why so many touring pros cock their heads just before starting their backswing. There are three good reasons for it. You'll find out how to play the wind factor . . . when a 1-iron is better than a 4-wood . . . how the proper tempo of your swing can make a big improvement on your present game . . . two little changes that can improve tee shots ten per cent in distance.

"You'll see how to kick narrow holes with a controlled fade . . . how to execute an often overlooked but vital element in the intentional hook . . . when and how to use long irons.

"If tension is high and you need only to put a medium approach shot into the middle of the 18th green and two-putt to break 90 (or take a Nassau or win the Club championship), I'll show you how the pros do it. I'll also show you how to hit a shot that is quite difficult for most golfers, but vital for a better score: the long full iron from a fairway and trap.



When you swing like a pro, you'll be a pro. (See p. 41)

You benefit from tournament tactics

"Every one of the 55 situations I tell you about in my book has come up in actual play. Many times, specific tournament instances are cited. And frequently, I'll tell you what other pros do. For example, you'll get a tip I learned from Jack Burke on how to get more accurate distance and aim on putts. And you'll see why Gary Player — who is only 5 feet 7 — uses a shaft one inch longer than most other pros.

"In my book you'll also get answers to the "whys" and "hows" that so often bug you in the course of play. How can you hit a long-iron approach shot that will clear bunkers and hazards in front

of the green, yet stay out of trouble behind the green? How can you easily hit a ball in a divot mark or in a bad fairway lie? How can you successfully hit a full shot from a steep, downhill lie?

"You'll learn how to determine *before-hand* which way a putt will break — even though it appears to break from left to right when viewed from behind, and from right to left when looked at from the other direction. And you'll see how to consistently hit good wedge shots.

What to do when it "looks like curtains"

"I'll show you what to do when your ball mixes the green and nestles into high swirling rough . . . when you're trapped next to the green and the pin is much too close for a full, conventional explosion . . . when your ball rolls against the back edge of a trap in a way that makes it almost impossible to get the club head down into the ball.

"And while we're on the subject of "frustration," let's not forget that old bugaboo, putting. I show you how to eliminate those nightmare three-putt greens; how to get the short putts down consistently, when to putt from a trap. I also tell you when you should and shouldn't concede putts, and why.

"You'll get much more valuable knowledge in my book — but space limitations keep me from elaborating here. Instead . . .

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2. Mail entry with an end panel from a pack or box of Marlboro cigarettes or a blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper on which you have printed the word MARLBORO in block letters. Address entries to Marlboro Country Vacation Sweepstakes, Box 4500, Grand Central P.O., New York, New York 10017. Each entry should be mailed separately, postmarked on or before June 30, 1965, and received no later than July 10, 1965. Enter as often as you like. Void where prohibited or regulated by law.

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A couple of us are thinking about getting boats.

And from where we sit, we can count three Mustangs and a Thunderbird in the employees' lot.

Trying harder is starting to pay off.

But we're worried about the future. It's almost a fact of life that the bigger a company becomes, the more inefficient and impersonal it gets.

If we do get to be No.1, will we send out our Fords with half-empty gas tanks and worn wiper blades? Will our smiles become professional?

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BOOKTALK

A hardened bass fisherman snags up the pleasant lure of a book on flies

A few weeks ago I happened to attend the annual dinner of The Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, a group named in honor of the father of American dry fly-fishing, which meets once a week in Manhattan. The Flyfishers had just published their first book, *The Gordon Garland*, in a limited edition of 1,500 copies, and though it cost \$15 I bought one and had it autographed by contributors because this seemed the polite thing to do.

By inclination I am a bass fisherman, a slop reeking of live bait gone dead in vest pockets, and much of the mystique of the dry fly, while interesting, goes right by me. On the way home after dinner I started leafing through the book and, to be brief, I stayed up until 2:30 a.m. sitting open pages and reading voraciously. *The Gordon Garland* is superb, and even if your forte is carp on doughballs with a cane pole it is not to be missed. One piece alone, "Who Is Sparse Grey Hackle?" by Alfred W. Miller (who really is Sparse Grey Hackle), is worth the price. It is a marvelously insane thing of whimsy, and it must rank as one of the funniest fish tales ever told. I like most of the pieces, it is an original done especially for the *Garland*, which was edited, incidentally, by Arnold Gingrich, the publisher of *Esquire*, who himself contributes a piece on how to turn a wife into an ex-wife by trouting. Among the other name contributors to the book are Rodenck Haig-Brown, Paul O'Neil (who shows up with an excellent story about his scramblings on the Eacus), Ed Zern, Lee Wulff and John McDonald.

One of the numerous surprises of the book is that the nonprofessional contributors, so to speak, write just as beguilingly as the pros. Ted Rogowski, a Wall Street lawyer who is president of the Gordon Flyfishers, writes charmingly of fly-tying discussions at the Crackerbarrel Bar and Fishing Fly Factory, a real-life establishment in the cellar below Milie's hair-dressing parlor on Manhattan's East Side, and Joe A. Pisarro, who might be deemed a pro since he is in charge of public relations for the YMCA, describes the perils of taking the firmly fishing in language that bespeaks hard experience. At the risk of injustice I must, for brevity's sake, omit mention of the other fine contributions, except to note that the lead piece, "American Trout Fishing," is a previously uncollected article by Gordon himself.

Copies of *The Gordon Garland* are available by mail from The Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, Williams Club, 24 East 39 Street, New York City.

— ROBERT H. BOYLE

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SCORECARD

RECESSIONAL FOR THE TWIN

The introduction of twin double betting to horse racing was frowned on by all who wish the sport well, but that did not prevent its establishment at tracks about the country. Now, it would appear, some of the tracks are beginning to find that it is by no means to their advantage and would like to get rid of it. Last week David Haber, Suffolk Downs president, announced he had permission from the Massachusetts racing commission to close out twin double wagering. He was congratulated by other New England track operators—at Rockingham, Narragansett and even the greyhound track at Revere, Mass.

The twin double, Haber said, "tends to encourage collusion," by which he meant the possibility of having a race fixed by gamblers, who buy up "live" tickets after the first half of the twin, and jockeys. But, in addition, Haber found that twin double wagering hurts the mutual handle because too much money is tied up from the fourth through the seventh races.

Haber had considered the introduction of exacta betting on the day's last race. An exacta is a form of quinnella in which the bettor must pick the first two horses in the order of their finish. It is a fixture at many dog tracks and, Haber thought, should stay there.

"I've decided," he said, and we applauded, "that racing doesn't need such gimmicks."

TOGETHERNESS DISREVEALED

When President Kennedy appointed General Douglas MacArthur to mediate the power dispute between the Amateur Athletic Union and the National Collegiate Athletic Association the intervention of government was excused by the fact that the Olympics were upon us and the animosities of sport's officialdom threatened grave injustice both to our athletes and to our national prestige. The understanding, if not the hope, was that after the Olympics the AAU and the NCAA would get together like intelligent adults and solve the problem be-

tween them. Instead, there is now a move to invite politicians into the game, again.

On instructions from the NCAA, Texas Southern was forced to withdraw from the Mt. San Antonio College Relays, whereupon Hilmer Lodge, meet director, wired President Johnson and California senators asking for "immediate congressional hearings on this dispute, as neither side apparently will negotiate a settlement." After the meet, from which eight other colleges withdrew under NCAA pressure, six Olympic gold medal winners asked for government action to end the diversion, pointing out that the U.S. team which is to compete in Moscow in July will otherwise be "markedly weakened."

The AAU, on its part, is refusing to assign officials to the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles on May 14, which would make it the first time that the meet has lacked AAU sanction. Certified AAU watches, important for acceptance of world records, are to be withheld.

Participation in sport is primarily for the young and agile. Its administration, unfortunately, is in the hands of the old and stiff-necked. That it should seem necessary or desirable to appeal to government for a permanent solution to the NCAA-AAU problem is disgraceful. We suggest that neither Congress nor any other federal agency has either jurisdiction or competence in this area.

END OF A TRADITION

The traditional view has been that when summer vacation begins small boys welcome it with shrill cries. Not all boys, a schoolteacher told Lorie Newhouse, vice-president of a Kansas City store for women. For some it is the year's saddest season, especially so for those from neglectful homes. "They think no one cares about them," the teacher said.

Now Newhouse, with the aid of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, the Y.M.C.A. and the Welfare Department, has done something about it. He has organized the Heart of America Boys' Sports Clinic which this summer will give fourth- through eighth-grade boys

instruction in a wide range of sports, from baseball and football to wrestling and track. Instruction will be of a high order, with such guest lecturers as Hank Stram, coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, Jack Mitchell and Dan Devine, football coaches at Kansas and Missouri, Whitney Herzog, Kansas City Athletics' coach, Hank Bauer, manager of the Baltimore Orioles, and Bobby Richardson, New York Yankees' second baseman. Regular instructors will be coaches from Kansas City high schools.

The charge for two weeks of instruction in his chosen sports will be \$30 for each boy, but none will be turned away for lack of the \$30. Clarence Kelly, Kansas City police chief, contributed \$300, enough for 10 boys, and other gifts have been coming in. The clinic hopes to attract between 1,000 and 1,500 youngsters.

Aim of the clinic will be to teach skills, emphasize physical fitness and, above all, to let the boys know that someone is interested in them.

THE PAN-FLUNG BRITISH WICKET

To American eyes, cricket is a leisurely game. Its players, though, are not necessarily disinclined to act. Consider New York City's Speedbird Cricket Club. It



opened the season a couple of weeks ago by flying to Hawaii for a match with the Honolulu Cricket Club. The Speedbirds lost, 287 to 37, in a match that lasted 7½ hours but they were able to catch their plane back to New York in time to be at their desks Monday morning. Next month they will fly to Dallas for a match with the Dallas County Cricket Club and

then on to Bermuda for another contest.

What makes the Speedbirds so speedy? They work for British Overseas Airways Corporation.

BOB'S BIG DAY

It was a slow start for Bob Ritchie, a 19-year-old freshman from Lynn, Mass., as he went to bat for Nichols College in the first inning of their game with Bryant College. The bases were loaded, Ritchie struck out. But thereafter it was different:

Second inning—grand slam home run
Third inning—grand slam home run
Fifth inning—walked and scored
Sixth inning—home run, nobody on
Seventh inning—grand slam home run

In Nichols' 26-1 victory Ritchie scored five runs, drove in 13. He also pitched the last inning and struck out two batters.

SOUND MIND, HOME RUN

Acting on the theory that athletes have souls as well as bodies, more than 400 delegates from 38 countries have just attended the International Congress of Psychology of Sport in Rome, where they heard Pope Paul VI advise them that sport, among other things, helps "to make one master of oneself."

More than 250 papers were submitted in the general area of six basic topics: psychodynamics, psychophysiology, psychopathology, school sport, feminine sport, military sport—and observers detected three trends among the participants. Physiologists are branching out from the study of pure muscular and circulatory endurance into motivational research. Psychologists are becoming increasingly interested in sport. And coaches more than ever are applying psychology in their work. Uniting them was the common conviction that the study of athletic performance is not limited to muscle and tissue but must include brain and spirit as well. To develop today's athlete into tomorrow's superathlete involves getting inside him and seeing what makes him tick.

Psychologists reported that the more famous the athlete, the greater his determination to exceed past performances. Some athletes, however, are afflicted with *nikephobia*, a fear of victory—due, the psychologists say, to unconscious feelings of guilt about being first. Another type of anxiety was that found in a fellow who disdained making friends with competing athletes because it weakened his

continued



THE MAN WHO MAKES THE ICED TEA at Lynchburg's hotel says it's better because it's made with Jack Daniel's limestone water.

Folks who take lunch at our hotel always have something good to say about the tea. And George Gant, who serves it, tells them it's because he makes it with water from Jack Daniel's limestone spring. Well, we know it makes a difference in

whiskey. You see, it runs fresh from our cave at 56° year-round, and it's completely iron-free. Iron is murderous to whiskey. And from what George says, it doesn't do tea much good either.



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Dan Gurney, one of America's great Grand Prix drivers, calls this aluminum's "cumulative effect." When you reduce the weight of one part of a car, say the radiator or the transmission case, you set up a chain reaction which spreads through the vehicle. The power-to-weight ratio is improved, brakes have an easier time of it, handling and road-holding characteristics improve, and fuel economy is boosted since your engine is carrying a lighter load.

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 **ALCOA**



A full-page advertisement for Dacron slacks. The image shows the lower half of a man standing, wearing grey slacks with a dark belt and black shoes. His hands are in his pockets. At his feet, a young child with blonde hair, wearing a striped shirt and shorts, is lying on their back, looking up at the man's legs. The background is a plain, light color.

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a man's way
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GULF STREAM slacks with "Dacron" let you relax, have fun in style. Creases stay sharp. Wrinkles haven't a chance. There's "Lycra" in them, too, for extra comfort in action. Slacks shown: "Dacron"® polyester, worsted wool, "Lycra"® spandex. Self-sizer model, \$21.95; regular model, \$19.95. Both in seven colors at fine stores. Ask for Gulf Stream slacks with "Dacron"—and the stretch comfort of "Lycra".

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Better Than Ever Living Through Chemistry



resolve to beat them. Then there is the "psychology of winning," which results in achievements hitherto considered impossible, like the four-minute mile.

In other words, a coach for every coach.

SPEEDUP IN THE DOME

The Houston Astros have been making a serious effort to reduce the length of games this spring. Manager Luman Harris and General Manager Paul Richards, conducting their own time and motion study, figured they could shorten games by 25 minutes. They cut down on throwing the ball around the infield after every out. Batters step right into the box as soon as the inning begins. Catchers called in from the bullpen to pinch-hit get the word early enough so that the game is not held up until they arrive. No longer do catchers throw the ball to second base before the start of an inning.

Seven of Houston's first 15 games lasted more than three hours.

CON EDSKI VANQUISHED

The endless battles between the outdoorsman and those who would destroy his dwindling supply of lakes and streams in the sometimes spurious name of industrial progress do not always end happily for him. But last week one of them did.

Just as striped bass spawning grounds in the Hudson River are being threatened by a proposed power plant, so the spawning beds of the Volga River sturgeon, and thereby almost the entire world supply of black caviar, have been threatened recently by Soviet plans to build a hydroelectric station near the mouth of the Volga. The station would reduce the spawning area from 1,111 acres to 25.

Anticipating attack, the powermen's public relations man devised a slogan: "One cannot enter communism without power, but will be admitted without black caviar."

Dig they must, they said.

It sounded like great stuff on Madsenskaya Ubitza but it did not work. Into the fray came, of all publications, the U.S.S.R.'s *Literary Gazette*, with an article signed by eight top authors, some of them biologists. The theme: conserve the sturgeon.

Last week the *Literary Gazette* reported proudly that the sturgeon was saved. The Central Committee of the Communist Party and the Council of Ministers

a continuation of



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appreciate the
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GENTLEMEN'S COLOGNE AND DEODORANT COLOGNE

SCORECARD

had vetoed the power plant proposal.

Now if, in this country, one or another of our highbrow literary magazines would only take up the matter of the Hudson's striped bass, it could be a long stride forward. We suggest *The Hudson Review*.

THE HIGHER THE SLOWER

With the help of University of New Mexico track stars and an old compression chamber he wangled from the Navy, William A. Bynum, a young physical education professor, is conducting tests to find out how Olympic athletes will perform in 7,800-foot Mexico City.

Bynum rounded up a vacuum pump, a compressor, two motor-driven treadmills, pressure gauges and controls. Now he can simulate pressures ranging from the near-vacuum of 100,000 feet to the heavy atmosphere of sea level.

One conclusion, that the athletes do better when they descend to lower altitudes, has been confirmed in the chamber and in the performances of the university track team away from mile-high Albuquerque. They have been winning. They win also when teams come to Albuquerque from lower altitudes.

As an example, Bynum points to Ed Coleman, a distance runner who works out in the pressure chamber three days a week. "Based on his test scores in the chamber, at sea level and at higher altitudes, we predicted he could significantly improve his running time in the Drake Relays at Des Moines," Bynum said. "Knowing this, with the fact that he has been training at simulated altitudes up to 14,000 feet in the chamber, he received additional physiological as well as physiological advantages."

So Coleman ran the two-mile in Des Moines in 9 minutes 9.2 seconds, 27 seconds faster than his best time in Albuquerque.

THEY SAID IT

- Jackie Lennon, bartender-boxer, after losing a fight with the oldtime great, Willie Pep. "At least I can always tell people I once fought Willie Pep."
- Club Kennedy, San Francisco Giants' vice-president, on one of the team's stars. "That guy is so dumb he can't take a shower and sing at the same time."
- Joe Noster, who won the 1915 Kentucky Derby on Regret, after traveling to Louisville by airplane. "Regret ran smoother than that contraption."

END

How to Behave in a Bar Room

by
Julian P. Von Winkle, Jr.,
President

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Century ago a 7½ foot Kentuckian named Jim Porter ran a tavern on our waterfront.

His fame as a strong man and bully-boy was matched by his skill with the "long gun".

Jim's customers, largely river men and pioneers, were a rowdy lot. Yet inside his premises he maintained reasonable decorum.

Posted on the back bar, and strictly enforced, were his "Rules of Deportment". Beneath, quick to hand, lay his "Persuader"—the squirrel gun, cocked and primed.

One such rule, in heavy block letters, read—"Gentlemen imbibing foreign and alien spirits other than Kentucky Bourbon may be requested to pay in cash."

Jim figured the man who failed to appreciate native Kentucky Sour Mash, could not be trusted to pay for anything else.

"Foreign Spirits", by his rule meant Maryland Rye, Pennsylvania Blend, Georgia Corn, New England Rum. Because he did not know they even existed, his rule did not stretch beyond continental borders to such alien beverages as Scotch or Canada whiskies, much less to the lighting spirit of the Irish.

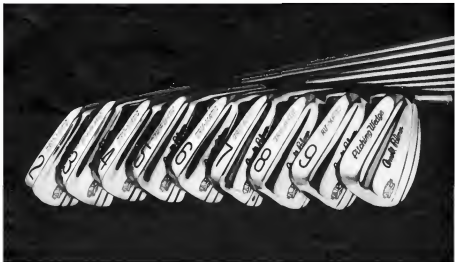
Today, on the wall of a new "Jim Porter Room" in one of our best Louisville hotels, Jim's rifle and rules may still be seen.

Here much of Jim's original tavern atmosphere has been retained, but for some reason unknown to us, the public now insists occasionally on foreign spirits from North of the Border or across the Sea.

Yet, front and center amongst the aliens now, as then, stands out a proud fixture of the house—our famous Old Fitzgerald, favorite of Bourbon lovers for almost a hundred years.

I recommend it to you as superior, by far, in mellowness and character to any imported whiskey—whether Scotch or Canadian, that was ever made.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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less burden of having to re-adjust your swing to every variation of a poorly matched set.

You simply concentrate on keeping your swing grooved and uniform. And the club does the rest. *Infalibly.* (Every Palmer club has a flight pattern as predictable as that of a guided missile.)

It took Arnie about 10 years to perfect this miracle of balance and design. Now, with his own company, under his personal supervision, he sees to it that every set meets the

most exacting tournament standards.

Arnie's whole idea is to place in your hands a set of tools so mechanically flawless you can forget about everything except your form.

Want some health-giving iron in your game? See your professional for the prescription. While you're there, let him check you for a wood deficiency. Arnie has medicine for that, too.

Arnold Palmer Company,  Chattanooga, Tennessee.

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ROSES FOR THE SHOE

Babs Shoemaker came to the Kentucky Derby with a bushel of American Beauties on her head, in case her husband did not win any. It was a needless precaution. After a skillful ride on Lucky Debonair, Willie relaxed in the Jockey's Room—having won enough Kentucky roses to make a new hat for Babs **by WHITNEY TOWER**



CONTINUED

The temperature was in the 80s two hours before Kentucky Derby post time as the handsome woman in pink and scarlet made her way gingerly through the surging crowds to her box seat in the exclusive G Section of Churchill Downs' rickety old clubhouse. Mrs. Willie Shoemaker's candy-pink suit from Neiman-Marcus was chic, but what she wore on her head—it would be slighting to call it a hat—was a remarkable sight indeed. Specially designed by I. Magnin, it was an Everest of American Beauty roses and rose petals, a mountainous cone-shaped swirl of brightest red, bobbing gently toward its wearer's seat. "They don't seem to want to give Bill the roses around here," said Mrs. Shoemaker, referring delicately to her husband's occasional inattentiveness on Derby Day, "so I brought my own from California." (In 1957 Shoemaker misjudged the finish when he was riding Gallant Fox and lost to Iron Liege; last year he was offered the mount on Northern Dancer, the eventual winner, but chose Hill Rise instead.)

At about the same time activity of a different sort was kindling down the clubhouse line in L Section, across from the point where the famous one-mile track curves rather sharply into the first turn. A lit cigarette had slipped between two of the aging floorboards and suddenly, with little warning, flames shot 10 feet into the air and patrons on the upper floor scattered from the thick, dark smoke. The fearful thought swept through the crowd that may well have numbered the 100,000 traditionally claimed: Was Churchill Downs, that hunk of tinder-box jokes for decades, finally going to be converted into a fiery disaster area?

Firemen raced to the scene, their truck appropriately escorted on the track by a galloping lead pony, but fortunately there was no semblance of panic. When the wind quickly shifted and blew the flames away from the inviting target of a solid quarter of a mile of dry old wood, the fire hoses did their work quickly and efficiently. Before they were turned off, however, Churchill Downs President Wuthen Knebelkamp had decided that the Derby's usual 4:30 post time would be set back a half hour to allow track crews to put the thoroughly soaked first turn back into shape and to assure the eager audience its customary one-hour pre-race betting period. This, of course, wreaked havoc with the coast-to-coast CBS television schedule. The network,

which has recently been experiencing trouble enough on American League baseball diamonds, had other problems. As it extended its one-hour Derby show by an additional 30 minutes, the audio cable repeatedly failed. Millions of once-a-year racing fans saw a fine picture and heard the unsynchronized voice of radio announcers hastily juiced in. (The cameras found and lingered on Babs Shoemaker and her roses, only lip-readers were able to identify her.)

After all the heated pre-race excitement the 91st Derby may have been an anticlimax to some worn-out spectators, but not for Babs. I. Magnin's roses ready, she watched her man Bill win his third Louisville classic by bringing Lucky Debonair home a diminishing neck in front of Dapper Dan. The latter's stablemate, favorite Bold Lad, withered in the stretch and beat only one horse, Narushua, in the 11-horse field. Shoemaker brought Babs home the real roses with a skillful ride aboard a colt many thought was over the peak form that had earned him to an outstanding victory in the Santa Anita Derby. This estimate was partially inspired by his unimpressively close win in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland just nine days before the Derby.

But Lucky Debonair, a son of Verxex out of the Count Fleet mare Fresh as Fresh, is a deceptive sort of runner, as Shoemaker and Trainer Frank Catrone have often pointed out. "The trouble with him," Catrone said after the Blue Grass, "is that if you don't keep after him once he gets to the lead, he'll try to pull himself up. He does only the work he has to to stay in front." Shoemaker added, "He was leg weary in the Blue Grass and would have been beaten if he wasn't such a good horse." As Chateaugay and Northern Dancer discovered in the two previous years, the mile-and-an-eighth Blue Grass is an ideally timed final prep for the mile-and-a-quarter Derby, and just because horses don't win it by fancy margins does not mean they are lacking in classic ability.

Though he finally went off as the third Derby choice (behind Bold Lad and Hail to All), Lucky Debonair did not cause much commotion along the backstretch during the final hectic days of Derby Week. His owner, Mrs. Ada L. Rice, wife of a Chicago grain broker, seldom came to call on him, and Trainer Catrone was so swayed by interviews that he relied pretty much on such stock

phrases as "I'm tickled to death to be here." Nobody paid too much attention to what he was tickled to death about.

At 4 feet 9, Catrone must be the only trainer in America who has to look up to 4-foot-11 Shoemaker. He may also be the only trainer in America who would think, when called by a wire service representative of UPI, that he had mistakenly been approached by an official of some obscure university. "Imagine," he said afterward, "a reporter calling me up to ask my opinion about anything!" But ex-Jock Catrone, who learned under the great Trainer Sam Hildreth and who has been working at his trade since 1936, is a sound and solid horseman. He knows

Under Shoemaker's urgent whip, Lucky



exactly what to do with a sound and solid colt, and Lucky Debonair is just that. He proved it last week just one day before his actual third birthday. Those close to this bay colt, who is a first foal of his dam, were not surprised at all. Howard Endicott, manager of the Races' Danada Farm in Lexington, recalls that two years ago Danada's yearling boss, Bob Ross, picked Lucky Debonair out of a field of colts and said, "This is the best one, he's a real comer."

Thus was a Derby field chock full of interest. Six of the 11 starters had perfectly good reasons for winning. Bold Lad, of course, was the colt who commanded the most attention and the most

respect. What nobody really knew about Bold Lad was whether his souped-up training schedule of the last month had brought him to a perfectly tuned peak or had further affected his already ailing legs. Trainer Bill Winfrey, nevertheless, not only was confident that Bold Lad was ready to run the race of his life, but also thought that his other charge, Dapper Dan, could get a part of the purse. "The only things I fear," said Winfrey before the Derby, "are bad racing luck and the distance." And then he added, thoughtfully, "The two horses I respect the most are Tom Rolfe and Lucky Debonair. I rate them equally, but I'd have to give the edge to Lucky Debonair because

his rider has more Derby experience than Ron Turcotte."

It was hardly a pro-Derby secret that the speedy Flag Raiser would set the pace and let the others try to catch him. His rider, Bobby Ussery, said, "I don't think he's a mile-and-a-quarter horse either, but this is one way to find out." In any Derby it is axiomatic that the eventual winner must have good position in the vital run to the first turn unless he is an exceptionally fast finisher, and this race was no exception to the rule. Before the field got that far, Jockey Bill Hartuck made a key discovery of his own. "I was hesitant about Bold Lad even while he was warming up," he said later. "He

continued

Debonair crosses the wire in front of the fast-closing Dapper Dan, having taken command from Flag Raiser a quarter of a mile from home.





As smoke swirls past the grandstand, firemen rush to combat the blaze that derailed the Derby.

wasn't striding right or doing anything easy." Hartack, who is more often right than wrong about such matters, was right again. After he brought the hopelessly beaten colt back, he said, "We really didn't have a shot at it at any time. At first I thought the trouble might be the track cupping out from him, but that wasn't it. He was trying to run all the way, but he was just not going anywhere. Something is bothering him. He wasn't Bold Lad, because Bold Lad doesn't run like that." After Hartack had spoken privately to him, Bill Winfrey added, "Bold Lad couldn't have run like that unless he was hurting. I'm afraid we'll find he's not 100%, sound."

As Flag Raiser took a two-length lead past the stands and into the important first turn, long shot Narushua pressed him on the pace, while Lucky Debonair, who at no time was worse than third, was just a head behind. Native Charger, under John Rotz, made a little trouble for himself by coming out slightly on the turn. But when the horse started up the backstretch in fourth place Rotz thought to himself, "I was in a golden chair. By the three-eighths pole I thought we were in." Bold Lad was sixth at this

point and still in a contending position, while Dupper Dan was way back in last place after having been shut off on the first turn. Tom Rolfe moved smartly into third place along the inside of Native Charger toward the end of the backstretch, and as Flag Raiser slowly tired after covering the mile in 1:37, Shoemaker and Lucky Debonair took command. "There wasn't anything to it then," said Shoe. "He was relaxed and rating himself. I set him down pretty good at the three-sixteenths pole after we took the lead straightening for home, and he opened up three lengths."

The only serious threat to Lucky Debonair up to now had been Tom Rolfe. Rounding the far turn, Turcotte, riding in his first Derby, noticed Flag Raiser tiring in front of him as Lucky Debonair went to challenge for the lead. Turcotte also thought he saw enough space between Flag Raiser and the rail. His one big chance, he thought, was to drive for that opening and go after Lucky Debonair on the inside, saving ground. Turcotte and Tom Rolfe drove. And as quickly as they did they discovered, a) the opening was never big enough to get through and, b) Ussey and Flag Raiser

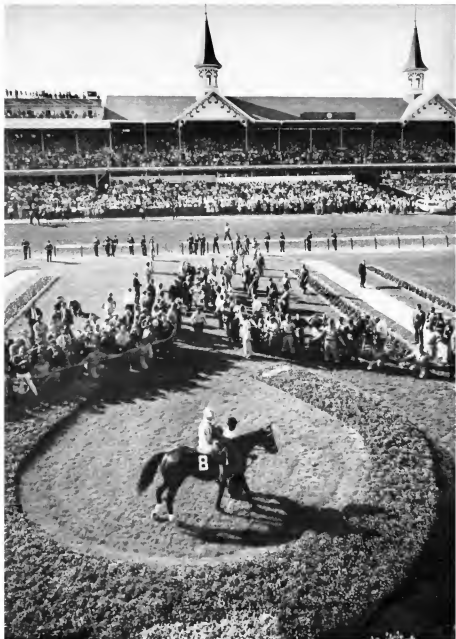
were closing it completely. "Ussey tightened the hole on me at the three-eighths pole. It was the right thing to do," said a dejected Turcotte after the race. "I'd have done the same thing myself."

With Tom Rolfe now eliminated as a serious threat and neither Native Charger nor stretch-running Hail to All making up ground on Lucky Debonair during the run to the wire, the Derby seemed all but over. But no! With an inspiring swoosh, along came Dapper Dan. He had been dead last, and Jockey Milo Valenzuela had taken him around the whole field because as he put it, "This colt is so temperamental." Dapper Dan naturally had clear sailing on the outside. But he lost enough racing ground in those last three furlongs to make it extremely difficult to catch the leader. At any rate, Milo and the chestnut son of Ribot, flying as they were, missed Lucky Debonair by just a neck, finishing two lengths ahead of Tom Rolfe, the other Ribot colt in the race. Native Charger was fourth and Hail to All fifth, followed by Mr. Pak, Swift Ruler, Flag Raiser, Carpenter's Rule, Bold Lad and Narushua. Thanks to a brilliant last quarter in 24¹/₂, Lucky Debonair recorded a final time of 2:01¹/₂ to make this the third fastest Derby—behind Northern Dancer's 2 minutes flat and Decidedly's 2:00⁷/₈.

None of the beaten riders had much in the way of excuses. Manuel Ycaza, on Hail to All, said, "At the quarter pole I thought I had it all. I was one length off Native Charger and Tom Rolfe and then finished the same way. My horse just got tired," Rotz said of Native Charger, "He either got tired or outrun. I can't tell which."

Lucky Debonair now has a record of six wins in nine races this year and is fully entitled to be called the best 3-year-old around. Certainly he will be favored to win the shorter-by-a-sixteenth Preakness at Pimlico on May 15 even if it attracts his old Santa Anita foe, Jacinto, and such other non-Derby starters as O'Hara, Boson and Seaman. Bubs Shoemaker is, of course, going to Pimlico with Bill, but she's not taking her mountain of roses. "I'm having another one specially made," she said. "It's covered with black-eyed Susans." **END**

Shoemaker walks his colt around the winner's circle—their work done—awaiting the traditional victory ceremony and blanket of roses



DEADLY SLIDE FOR THE DODGERS

The Dodgers abandoned power hitting and bet their pennant chances on speed, pitching and Tommy Davis' bat. Last Saturday Davis broke his ankle (below) and Los Angeles' dreams of success shattered with it **by JACK MANN**



When the Dodgers play in Dodger Stadium on a Saturday night it is more than a baseball game. It is a gala. More horns are tooted and more people shout "Cha-a-urgo." More oohs are oohed when somebody hits a big-league pop-up and almost anything is good for a communal laugh.

Last Saturday night a folk giggle arose in the fourth inning from the Ladies' Night crowd of 55,312. San Francisco Giants' Pitcher Gaylord Perry, covering first on a grounder, was not quite to the bag when he took the throw from First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, and he had to stretch his long leg awkwardly to put a toe on the base and retire Ron Fairly. It was funny, but then Perry suddenly started running toward second base and the giggling stopped. Now there was a slightly stunned silence, which is never heard in Dodger Stadium when the Dodgers are playing on Saturday night.

Perry was running toward the supine

body of Tommy Davis, which was wiggling just a bit as it lay two feet to the right-field side of the bag. Perry ran up and tagged Davis with the ball, and Umpire Al Barlick—reluctantly, it seemed—raised his thumb a little. It was a double play. You score it 3-1-1, and you mark Tommy Davis absent for three months.

It was moot whether Davis' spikes caught in the dirt or whether they hit the bag as he slid. His right ankle was fractured and dislocated. The doctor said he wasn't in much pain while he waited for the ambulance. The Dodgers were. Their two-time National League batting champion had seemed to be emerging from the dismal slump that had gripped him all last season, and now he was gone.

None of the beardless boys on the Dodger bench could replace Tommy Davis—even a slumping Tommy Davis—and 35-year-old Wally Moon had taken a back seat to the youth movement too long ago to be that much help. The

Dodger attack, which had figured to be impotent, seemed now to be virtually nonexistent, and the great experiment was over when it barely had begun.

The question was (SI, March 29): could the Dodgers win a 1965 pennant with a 1915 team? In our time of the tape measure, could a conventionally armed band of guerrillas silently steal the thunder from the overkill artillery that has become baseball's ultimate weapon?

Probably not. As the season dawned, the Los Angeles battle plan appeared ridiculously simple, or maybe just ridiculous. In the era of the lively ball they were reverting to the era of the lively player, compensating for their lack of hitting power by de-emphasizing hitting. With inordinate speed, possibly great pitching and adequate fielding, the Dodgers were drawing up their wagons in a circle to make their best offense a good defense, resolutely ignoring the fact that some renegade had been selling bazookas to

the Indians. It was a brave thing to do, and pitiful, like people throwing rocks at armored tanks.

But the month became May and there they were, bobbing and weaving along at the top of the National League. Last weekend, when the Giants came to town, the Dodgers beat them three games out of four. In its first 134 innings the Los Angeles pitching staff had a collective earned run average of 2.08, accomplished almost wholly by the four starters (Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale, Johnny Podres and Claude Osteen). Koufax, his career threatened with extinction at the end of spring training because of an arthritic elbow, had come back strongly and had a 2-1 record. Drysdale, the workhorse, was 3-2. Osteen, the refugee from the Washington Senators, had a 1.67 ERA. Podres, who pitched only three innings all last year, was 1-0 and had pitched well in two starts. "Never nothing like it," said Coach Jim Gilliam, who played in the league 12 seasons. "I seen teams with two pitchers like them, maybe three. But not four." Joe Moeller, who started 24 games for Los Angeles last year, was sent back to the minors, saying, "To stick with this club you have to pitch great in batting practice."

But then there was the hitting and the fielding. The diminution of the offense and defense over the years had been so gradual, Drysdale said, that he hadn't really noticed it. "What I do notice," he said, "is the number of errors of omission. In the field, on the bases, everywhere. This team is young, real young, and you have to expect it. Guys like Furillo didn't forget to do the right thing because they didn't have to remember. They just did it."

The young Dodgers, however, had taken quick steps toward proving still another beloved maxim: they had run away from their mistakes. Entering May, Maury Wills was one base ahead of his 1962 pace, when he stole 104. Willie Davis was flying on the base paths with a reckless abandon that was a little more unavailing to the opposition, a little less to his coaches.

They had even hit somewhat. By May 1 they had six home runs, one more than Eddie Mathews. Everything was on the upbeat except attendance, which is a public issue in Los Angeles; for the first 11 games it had averaged a mere 27,743. "Where," inquired a large headline in the *Herald-Examiner* after last Thurs-

day's game had attracted an embarrassing 30,219, "was the crowd?"

Such ingratitude bugged the Dodger management, which clearly had succeeded in supplying the horse for the course. If the team was assembled 50 years too late, it was gathered in the right ball park. Curving symmetrically away from the foul poles 330 feet distant, the high fences had bound the presumably promethean Frank Howard, so last winter they sent him away to Washington. He was their last vestige of the big home run power that scares people, but the move had been calculated.

"Power," said General Manager E. J. (Buzze) Bavasi, "is no good in this park." Pitching is. Fair pitching looks good in Dodger Stadium and good pitching looks great. Osteen, who came in the trade for Howard, looked great in his first five starts. But he won only two of them, and in the other three his team produced an aggregate of four runs.

"I really don't think the absence of Howard makes that much difference in our offense," said Manager Walter Alston. "Hell, we've been this kind of club for five years. It's an interesting team to manage. You have to do the unexpected. You have to hit-and-run, and bunt, and steal a base. You have to do every damned little thing you can think of to keep the other club off balance, so maybe somebody will throw a ball away and you'll get a run or two that you wouldn't figure to get."

The trouble is, a team with as many young players as the Dodgers have will give you more of the unexpected than you expected. Sometimes because they can't do all of those little things, occasionally because they won't and most often because they just don't. Drysdale's 2-1 victory over the Giants last week might not have been so close if they couldn't have, would have and did. Jan Marichal, who carried an ERA of 0.86 into May and usually gives the Dodgers fits, had a 1-0 lead when Wes Parker (the first baseman and possibly the next bright Dodger star) led off the fourth inning with a single. Willie Davis, who beats out bunts, was the next batter.

"I didn't have him bunt," Alston said, "because I know he's too fast for them to double him. And he hits the ball through the right side pretty well." The right side went unpenetrated and the runner unmoved. Willie swung with malice but not forethought and fled

deep to the other Willie. Tommy Davis sliced a triple to tie the score and now, with one out, there was a chance to go ahead of Marichal early in the game. Ron Fairly, a good left-handed hitter, was up. A ground ball to the right side would get the job done. Or, being dedicated to run-sheep-run baseball, one might even squeeze.

"Everybody thinks it's so easy to squeeze," Alston said. "But it's never better than a 50-50 chance. They could pitch out on you. You could miss the pitch completely, or pop it up. So many things can go wrong." Bunting is not as easy as it looks. It is also not as hard as Ron Fairly makes it look. "Well," Alston said, "he's a better hitter than he is a bunter. The last two times I tried it with him he missed the ball." Fairly swung mightily at the first pitch, then struck out and the run never got home.

A run did get home and the game was won in the sixth, but not before both Davises, with Maury Wills on third, had swung at first pitches as if the fence were in Pasadena. If a team is going to play 1915 baseball it ought at least to understand it. It is an unselfish game. A man must figuratively give up his life for his friend if the team is to win, and not many players have that much love in this era of ultimate weapon. Guys who hit singles don't ride in Cadillacs, and all that. Alston himself has said that Gilliam would have finished 15 points higher in his lifetime batting average had he not used so many at bats moving runners from second to third with ground outs.

"You can't expect them all to play like Gilliam," Alston said. "Hell, some of these kids aren't dry behind the ears. This bonus rule makes you play kids, and the kids defy you to teach them."

Alston recently requested permission of the umpires to keep his on-deck hitter in the dugout on some occasions. "So I can talk to him," he said. "The book says you have to have a man in the on-deck circle but it doesn't say which one. You can go up there and hit for them, but you can at least give them a suggestion of what not to do."

But the league office, as league offices do, said that couldn't be done, because it hadn't ever been done that way. Then Tommy Davis made a hesitant slide and Alston could keep anybody on the bench all day for all it would matter. It would be a year for building character. **END**

A HARD TOE RIGHT TO THE JAW

No man to pull punches when victory is at stake, Montreal Hockey Coach Toe Blake goaded the Canadiens to their 11th Stanley Cup championship by sheer cussedness and the diplomacy of a dock walkieper

by MARK KRAM

On the morning last week a cartoon appearing on the first sports page of the *Montreal Gazette* showed an Indian, his leathers drooping, his eyes touched with sadness, carrying a "Jekyll-Hyde chemistry set" under one arm and a bubbling test tube in his other hand. The Indian—a Chicago Black Hawk—was walking toward a wild-eyed, grinning Canadian hockey player. Between the two stood the Stanley Cup, and the Canadian player, grabbing at the test tube, was saying, "It's my turn for a shot of that."

The cartoon referred to the fact—that many, a deplorable and embarrassing fact—that neither the Chicago Black Hawks nor the Montreal Canadiens had been able to win one game in the 1965 Stanley Cup championship playoffs away from "home ice." That night, in the final game of the Stanley Cup playoffs (and the finale of a hockey season that rode in on the first breath of October), the form was hardly threatened. The Canadiens, playing in the Montreal Forum, won their sixth cup in 10 years—much to the surprise of sensible pundits everywhere, who had concluded early in the season that the only way Montreal could get the cup would be to steal it from the team that won it.

This analysis of the Canadiens was not as absurd as it appears now. Montreal's goaltending, handled by Charlie Hodge and Gump Worsley, had been glaringly mediocre during the season. Always a sinking asset in other big years, the Canadian goalies ranked fourth in the NHL in goals allowed. Add to this deficiency the fact that Montreal was constantly handicapped by injuries—Gilles Tremblay and Jacques Lapierre have been out most of the season—and you had the ingredients for a dismal finish. Yet the Canadiens stayed near the top throughout, and they entered the playoffs in full stride, with their coach Hector ("Toe") Blake, in a frenzy of cup lust. Blake had not won a Stanley Cup since 1960. The thought was unbearable.

More than any of his five previous championships, this one was almost com-



A Hug by Defenseman J. C. Tremblay after the final win evokes a rare smile from Blake.

pletely the handiwork of Blake, a short, corpulent, interminably insouciant man who gives the impression he would like to hit anybody in the mouth who dares voice a dissenting view. "I'd hate to play poker with the guy," says a reporter. One must then wonder how it is to play hockey for him, and especially how it must have been this season. From the beginning he worked his club like a man possessed. Psychology is something foreign to Blake—doubtless something to be scoffed at—but he is an inadvertent master of it, even if he does apply it with a heavy hand. "You got to give it to him, though," says one of his critics. "He held this club together with that dock worker's approach of his. They would have never made it without him." Blake's approach, this year more than ever before, was as simple and direct as a blow. He drove his players physically, flogged them mentally and reluctantly applauded them once in a while until he achieved what he considered the proper degree of team spirit.

Toe Blake is not enamored of the press or the public, and he has bruised a lot of feelings along the way; his circle of friends is not as large as it once was. But Blake is never indifferent, whether in the dressing room or behind his bench. When coaching, he is either in steady conversation with himself or his jaws are ferociously masticating chunks of gum. After a defeat he is intolerable; after victory he makes an effort to be gentle, and he is full of generous clichés. But he always manages to convey his fierce disdain—and it is said to be hastening his retirement. The retirement rumors are persistent in Montreal, and even Blake said earlier in the season, "If we win the Stanley Cup this year I'm through. I'm going to live like a man again." Following the Canadiens' victory he paused, while wandering about like a stunned fighter, to say, "This is one, more than all the rest of the titles, that I'll never forget."

It is unlikely that Jean Beliveau, the Canadiens' 6-foot-3 center, will forget it either. For Beliveau the season of 1964-65 has been uneven. He had only five goals and 10 assists in the first half of the campaign. Inside he was being ripped with self-doubt, especially when he was scoreless for 12 games. It was 1963 all over again; during that year Beliveau almost retired because of his nerves. This year he was in a difficult position. He was

not going well, and he was captain of the team. "It was supposed to show the way," he says, "but it's tough when you're not doing much yourself." When Beliveau finally started to come around, he suffered a knee injury. Even so, he finished strong and entered the playoffs at the top of his game. Slick and cool around center ice and a masterful stickhandler, Beliveau scored 16 points in the playoffs, second in total to Bobby Hull.

Up to the finals, Chicago's Hull had seemed the logical man to cast as playoff hero. Although his headlong run at an all-time scoring record for the regular season (51, Jan. 25) was interrupted by a knee injury, Hull skated into the semi-final round against Detroit as if determined to make up in seven games what he had lost in half a season. He blasted the Red Wings off the ice almost single-handed and entered the finals with eight goals and five assists to his credit.

Aware that Hull's slap and wrist shots were the major impediments standing between Montreal and the championship, Toe Blake called on craggy Claude Provost for some special help. Provost, a veteran forward whose face looks as though it has been chipped out of basalt with a dull chisel, had surprised all the experts during the regular season by outshooting the rest of the Montreal team. It seemed reasonable that he would be asked to carry this offensive attack into the playoffs, but Blake had other ideas. "Crowd Hull," he told Provost. "Lean on him. Follow him around like a busted garter."

Provost followed his orders. The result was that Hull got only one shot on goal in the first game against the Habs. He got just four shots in the second game. Altogether Hull scored only two goals in the championship round, and both came when Provost was off the ice. "Provost," complained Black Hawk Coach Billy Reay, "has that stick against Bobby every time he gets near him. He isn't yanking Bobby around, so the referees are ignoring it. But he is hooking him any way you look at it." As the playoffs progressed, Hull became more and more perturbed. He became more aggressive with his body, and the Montreal crowds began calling him a dirty player. Until now Hull had been a big favorite in the Forum, but during the playoffs he was booed continually. Provost, however, was not annoyed by Hull's frustration. "Can you blame him?" he said.

Still, the biggest factor in the Canadiens' cup victory, despite some fine individual performances, some spectacular skating and a lethal power play, was "home ice." Montreal had one more game at home than Chicago, hence the grinning Canadian in the cartoon. The inability of the teams to win away from home (only two were won on foreign ice in 20 playoff games) provoked much discussion. There were many explanations, but obviously one of the reasons was the treatment of the ice. In Chicago it was soft—a fact that proved a disadvantage to Montreal. "The ice was too slow in Chicago," said Jean Beliveau, "and it took the edge off our game." In Montreal the ice was hard, too fast for a team like Chicago, which tries to outpace the opposition. "Also," said Pierre Pilote of the Black Hawks, "it's tough in the Forum because their corners are deep. The Canadiens are fast skaters. Once they get you in their corners, you just can't get out."

Another explanation dealt with the attitudes of the home crowds. The Chicago fans were quite different from those in Montreal. The body slam and the high stick often turned the Black Hawk stadium into a cauldron of blood-chilling sound. In the fourth game when Montreal—instead of sticking to its skating game—made the mistake of trying to give back some physical punishment to Chicago, the Chicago fans roared with joy. In contrast, the Montreal audience was, it seemed, sophisticated and discriminating. The Canadian fans abhor rough play. They prefer a beautiful blend of skating and passing, and they are, as a group, reserved; they will remain silent until there is a play worthy of recognition.

This is not to say that they are incapable of an occasional violent outburst. In 1955 one of the great riots in sports took place in the Forum when Maurice Richard was suspended in the playoffs. But against Chicago the fans only once lost their poise, and that was when John Ferguson delivered live solid right hands to the right eye of Eric Nesterenko. Around town the next day the people were still talking about the fight. "They had to give him [Nesterenko] six stitches," one man said. "Six stitches?"

Six stitches? Home ice? Officiating? Crowd response? Toe Blake could not have cared less. For the first time in five years, he had a winner.

END

Two strictly feminine teen-agers
from towns and backgrounds
widely separated are
proving that running for
distance is not so
un-American after all

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



CALIFORNIAN MARIE MULDER SEWS AS WELL—BUT NOT AS FAST—AS SHE RUNS

THIS IS THE WAY THE GIRLS GO

Always the trouble has been that it is impossible to run like a girl and get anywhere, except to the church on time. A girl can swim the English Channel succeed with seven layers of petroleum jelly and all the while look like Esther Williams, or win at Wimbledon playing tennis like a girl, or master the parallel bars with exquisite feminine grace. But running? *Deusprohibet*. By the time she has reached her teens the American girl has perfected—diabolically, perhaps—an implausible feminine running style next to which anything practical looks like it came from a jar of hormones. By the accepted schoolgirl's technique, her thighs move forward in a short, stiff swishing motion. Her knees remain low, as though broken or restricted by a tight skirt, the lower legs describe half circles away from the body, independent of the direction of the thighs. The hips remain rigid, but the chest and shoulders make a metronomic half-circular movement,

like a washing-machine agitator. The arms are bent at the elbows in a purposeful manner, but the forearms and hands are not communicating and tend to fly up at scary angles. The fingers are splayed, completing a motion excellent for flagging the bus or drying the fingernails. The eyes bulge furiously. The head rolls dangerously. It is an altogether lovely exercise in ineptness, an American girl running like a girl.

But is it practical? Not in the slightest. To get from point A to point B with any degree of urgency a woman must learn to run like a man, or a girl like a boy, and that is where the trouble begins. There used to be a girl in our neighborhood named Jayne who ran everywhere—to the store for bread, to the movies, back and forth from my house and others of her acquaintance. She had lovely brown, enviably developed calves, a marvelous, fluid stride, and she could outrun every boy around. In football games we threw

loft passes and let the untouchable Jayne run under them for easy touchdowns. As a budding entrepreneur, I arranged schoolyard races for laughs, pitting her against a series of unsuspecting boys. She left a trail of shamed egos. The worst she ever got was a tie. But by the time she reached that divine age when she became more conscious of her powder base than her speed on buses, Jayne had—recklessly, shortsightedly—put all that behind her, never again to speak of it, except in flights of nostalgia. She now has two children and a fancy home in Miami Shores and is totally unaware that I might have matched her all the way to the Olympics. She was, in short, forever deceived by the feminine prejudice that running is not ladylike.

In this country any departure from the natural female style described above—clearly, no style at all—has always been looked upon with skepticism. Except for the sainted few who ran on alone, the



KANSAS JANELL SMITH IS LIKE ANY ALL-ROUND HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR—EXCEPT THAT HER SPORT IS MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNING.

Jaynes of our neighborhoods were successfully diverted. (Sweating, incidentally, is not a sufficient argument against girls running. No matter what your sensitivities, girl gymnasts sweat. Cheerleaders sweat. If your daughter, girl friend or wife does the twist, frug, watusi or jerk without getting moist all over, then you had better check her pulse because she is sick.)

Total suspicion has not yet given way to total respect for American women who run on display, losing to Russian women is still accepted as a matter of course—no great disaster: though in deference to our own women we have quit calling the Russians "muscle molls." But there are continuing manifestations of progress and an expanding awareness of what women's track is all about. The President's national fitness program, taking in as it did girls as well as boys, was a major boost. Flaming Marie Elison's Bouffant Belles of Abilene, Texas (SI, April 20, 1964) added some glamor. Track clubs for girls have sprung up in many metropolitan areas, not with the frequency of wildflowers but, perhaps,

more tentatively, like cautious hothouse experiments. Ten years ago there were about 24 clubs sponsoring women's athletics. Now there are well over 200.

There is an even more encouraging stir among the high schools. San Gabriel Valley, Calif., now has a nine-team high school girls' track league. Colleges have been slow to follow, although it is reasonable to believe they must or be forever left behind by a burgeoning AAU program. Tennessee State, a university with enlightened ideas about scholarships for women athletes, produced Wilma Rudolph, Edith McGuire and Wyomia Tyus and has an exemplary program under Ed Temple, the Olympic coach. The University of Hawaii draws girls from as far away as Boston, principally because it encourages girl athletes while most other colleges treat them with the same respect they would reserve for a botany professor who was pushing marijuana. But reasons are fast accumulating to make the colleges reshape their thinking about girls' running.

Most of all, best of all, are reasons like Janell Smith and Marie Mulder,

whose contrasting images (pale, blue-eyed Janell; dark, flashy Marie) are shown fluttering across a field of Kansas redbud trees (see cover). They are teenagers from towns 1,400 miles apart and from starkly variant backgrounds, but girls full of expectancy and promise; girls who can run like boys with hardly an inhibition to clutter their way, and who can make the switch to the dance floor without missing a beat. Run like boys? Run better in most cases. There is hardly a boy in Fredonia, Kans., who can stay with Janell Smith for 440 yards, and there isn't a boy at Foothill Farms Junior High in suburban Sacramento, Calif., who would even try Marie Mulder at 880 yards. Moreover, they represent—Janell at 18, Marie at 15—excellent examples of the present and future of American women's track and field.

There are others. Norma Harris, 18, of the Mayor Daley Youth Foundation, Chicago, already has to her credit an indoor 400 meters in 55.1. Tammy Davis, 17, of the youthful and successful Fredenick Track & Field Club in Maryland, has run the 80-meter hurdles in

continued

10.9, or 1/10 of a second off Rosie Bond's American record. Seventeen-year-old, 195-pound Lynn Graham of Pasadena put the shot 49 feet 7 1/2 inches in England to break the American indoor record. Before that she set a new girls' outdoor record of 51 feet 5 inches. Among the usual flock of outstanding young sprinters, the best is Debbie Thompson, 17, of the Frederick Track & Field Club, who has done 10.5 seconds for 100 yards and 23.9 for 220.

But it is Janell and Marie who are leading a dramatic surge into events we have customarily left wide open to other girls of other countries—middle-distance events that demand, so to speak, manly endurance. These two were the talk of London and Berlin last month, Marie winning the 880 yards in London and finishing second in the 800 meters in Berlin only because Antje Gleichfeld beat her to the world record; and Janell sweeping first the 600 yards in England, then the 400 meters in Germany in an indoor record time of 54 seconds flat.

In Fredonia the other night, sitting in the grandstand of a small, weakly lit, down-home-type high school football

stadium, I saw an extraordinary event. Fredonia is a town unaccustomed to extraordinary events. Its population staidified at 3,500 some years ago and it is distinguished from the flat, uninspiring soybean country of southern Kansas only by two low hills that really are mounds. To the top of one mound runs the coaxial (TV) cable and a road where kids go for nighttime romancing. Also contributing to Fredonia's landscape is the sprawling portland cement plant, and, more recently and infinitely more appealingly, Janell Smith.

Janell was to run a special exhibition at an interval in the program of the annual Fredonia relays, an event for high school boys. This is as close as she can come to legitimate local competition. There are no other Fredonia girls who take running seriously. For a time Janell had interested her best friend, Nancy Armstrong, with whom she shares innermost secrets, hi-fi records and many of the top honors at Fredonia High, but Nancy concluded that she was too frail and has been content to travel around with the Smiths, watching Janell run. (Once Meade Smith, Janell's father and coach, conned two freshman sprinters into running as a relay against her, but only to prove to Janell that she could run 440 yards.)

The day had been hot but now the night was cool, and in shirtsleeves I hid behind a mother and her two little girls, the girls wrapped comfortably in a blanket and struggling with the back-to-front pronunciation of supercalifragilisticexpialidocious. Sparks of dust from the cement factory blew into the eyes of grandstand fans, but they seemed used to it. Finally, there was the break in the program and Janell came on the track. There was a spontaneous, prideful tremor of applause, "Go, Janell, go!" yelled the little girl in front of me, suddenly alert. There was another cry from a neighborhood boy, who just that afternoon had offered Janell a look at his snapping turtle.

Janell wore the vivid blue sweats of the U.S. Olympic team; her cream complexion and blonde hair, puffed up in front, stood out prettily. She stripped to her track suit, revealing strongly muscled legs, trim at the ankles. She is not a small girl—5 feet 7, 120 pounds—but she gives an appearance of slowness. She was nervous. "I do not like attention or interviews," she told me later. "It

is all so unnecessary. I would rather read about someone else. I'd rather someone else got the attention, and then I could always surprise people when I did well." Bending over the blocks, she stretched one leg, then the other and settled in. The crowd was completely hushed, as if about to be witness to open-heart surgery. The athletes in the infield queued up along the edge, standing with their arms crossed, smiling self-consciously, watching the solitary blonde girl on the track. There was none of the usual milling. It had to be the dramatic event of the year in Fredonia—a single girl about to run 440 yards around a lumpy cinder track all by herself. You would never expect to see that again.

She came out of the blocks at the gun as though she had been shot from it. The crowd loosed a relieved "ohh" (did they think she was going to be stuck?). When she runs Janell's hair parts away from the middle of her forehead; her eyes squint; she bares her teeth in fierce concentration. Her stride is even and forceful; she runs with great style. The only apparent flaw is a slight hunching of the shoulders. It is not always easy to relax. She ran the 440 yards full out, as one who could not stand the embarrassment of another second. Her time was 55 seconds flat.

Late Meade Smith and his wife went to the only late-night restaurant in Fredonia. Janell and Nancy took a table nearby, where they dawdled over hamburgers and talked of shopping for senior-prom formals in Wichita, and related anew how a certain boy on whom Janell had had a crush finally asked her out. But she was now disappointed because he had been beaten out for second place in one of the night's events.

"She never had a steady boy friend," said Mrs. Smith, a little wistfully. "She's been so busy, and she always seemed to be too choosy. And her running always set her apart."

"All we started out to do was have a good time," said Meade Smith, Meade himself was a former Kansas dash champion. He has since increased his size half again while enjoying the good life of a successful insurance man. "I was coaching our boy Sonny at the time, and Janell came out every day to watch. She was 10. It is easy to coach a girl at 10 because she will do anything you tell her. Later there was another girl who worked with us, but she worried about how she

UNSEASONED SHOTPUTTER Lynn Graham, 17, is fast catching up to Rosie's Pre-
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looked running. Janell has never let that worry her."

Did Mrs. Smith encourage her?

"I did not discourage her," said Helen Smith, a pleasant, straightforward woman. "But I did not encourage her either. I am still not sure I like it. I think I would rather she played the piano. She had three years, and she sings in the choir at the First Christian Church. She is very much alone in track, and when she goes away on trips it is hard to imagine our little girl in places like Brazil and Berlin and Jamaica."

"Helen and I went with her to Tokyo for the Olympics," said Meade Smith.

"When Marie Mulder was here she told Janell about her track club and all the fun they have," said Helen Smith. "I think Janell would enjoy it more with a group like that."

How did they account for Janell becoming such a splendid runner?

"Heart and legs," said Meade. "It is like having a great big motor in a tiny car."

Janell Smith went to her first national meet when she was 14 and placed against women eight to 12 years her senior. She could broad-jump 19 feet, run the 70-yard hurdles in 9.2 seconds, the 220-yard dash in 24 flat, the 100 in 10.8. She had set Junior Olympic records galore. A year ago Meade Smith had her forsake all other events for the 440 yards (or 400 meters). Though she was among the two or three fastest girls at 100 meters, the margin for error there was as small as the field was crowded, and, too, she had an obvious store of strength to utilize at longer distances.

The next day Janell and Nancy took me out to show me what I had not seen of Fredonia, pointing out the sparkling new Wilson County Courthouse in the middle of town, in the ring of older buildings. "This is the square, and one of the kids the kids get is driving around the square at night," laughed Janell. "Fun, fun," said Nancy. "When Janell qualified for the Olympics they put us in an open convertible and brought us here in a caravan from the six-mile corner out on U.S. 96."

Janell is a B-plus student at Fredonia. High, the head cheerleader, the president of the Fredonia Band, and there she is sure of her ground. But next year she and Nancy will be freshmen at Emporia State Teachers College, where there is no girls' track program, and she wonders if

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TWO GIRLS continued

a girl working out 90 minutes a day ("I suppose I could have her do more," says Meade Smith, "but it is hard to push your own kid") all alone will set her apart.

Marne Mulder at 15 is at present the leading lady of a Sacramento track club known as Will's Spikettes. The coach, Will Stephens, is a 202-pound-ex-football player who has five children and the tolerance that having five children requires. He is kindly but firm. He has the aplomb to handle questions like, "Mr. Stephens, what is gestation?" when leveled at him by teen-age girls who take their biology homework on road trips; he knows enough about feminine logic to cope with excuses ("I can't possibly run today, Mr. Stephens, I have a hangnail"). And he has a history of falling into situations. He became a Marne when he got off on the wrong floor the day he went to join the Coast Guard. Thrust in and out of two wars, he was still playing college football at age 32.

Three years ago, with more than a moment's hesitation, he agreed to coach a 14-year-old aspiring hurdler named Liz Ross after her parents approached Will at Pacina High, where he coaches the boys' track team. He said he had never coached a girl before, but he would be pleased to try. There are now 42 Spikettes on the permanent roll. Thirty-six are active, most of them distance runners because Stephens also saw the perpetual imbalance of female track talent in the United States: 60% were sprinters, he figured, 25% were in field events and only 15% in distance events. "Guys," Will said to his girls (he does not allow himself the luxury of too much familiarity), "the way is clear to us."

Stephens financed the club himself for a year and a half, cutting into the family budget at \$60 a month. Now parents pay \$2.50 a month per girl to cover expenses. "It is not always easy to get people worked up over a girls' track team," says Stephens. "A columnist friend of mine on the *Sacramento Bee* had a campaign going to help us raise funds. I very day I watched for the mail. I received one check. It was for \$2."

Mothers and fathers now provide automobile transportation to meets and present united, enthusiastic support for the proposition that running is worthwhile even for girls. Occasionally, Stephens admits, he still runs afraid of an unreconstructed father. One called the

continued

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TWO GIRLS

other day to say he was sick of seeing his daughter flouncing around in sweat clothes. "I told him, by gum, he ought to come out and see the program himself before he judged it. I got pretty mad. He finally agreed and apologized." Some of the mothers have bought sweat suits for themselves. They make abortive attempts to run 100 yards or jump over a few hurdles. "Hey, Will, get my time, will you?" they demand.

Stephens found his girls more coachable than his boys, first because they did not know a thing about running and hung on his every word and, second, because they would not torture themselves this way if they did not have a certain dedication. "Boys are under a constant pressure to compete," says Stephens. "Girls are not. As a result boys go out for a sport even when they don't want to, and they get discouraged. The girls expect less and stick with it."

Not knowing for sure what better tack to take, he started all new girls on an elementary fitness schedule: run 55 yards, walk 55 yards, until they could do eight laps without falling down dead. Now the better distance runners, like Marie Mulder, will work a five-day week that might begin on Monday afternoon with stretching exercises, then a three-quarter mile warmup, then three miles of 220-yard sprints, back to back in groups of eight at 70-second intervals; then a three-quarter mile cool-down run. In a month they may run as much as 140 miles.

"And look at 'em," Stephens said the other day at the Encina High athletic field as we came upon a group of Spokettes awaiting his instructions. "Not a dog in the bunch. Every one as neat and feminine as you'll find." He said he had made a remarkable discovery: track solves a girl's problems. One girl had problems at home, problems in school, problems with her boy friend, but when she joined the club, *well!* all the problems rolled away. One blonde lost 19 pounds while training.

Sarie Byersdorfer, 15, whom Stephens identifies as one of his better all-round athletes, sat up on the bleacher where she had been lounging and said she really had never thought of running track until the boys started calling her Legs, in respect for the muscular fullness thereof. Dino Lowry, 16, who with Marie Mulder was recently commended in a resolution by the California State Senate for her

continued

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running achievements, said track had had a catalytic effect on their love life, "though we now go with boys we can respect, like track boys. Marie's boyfriend runs track and so does mine." Furthermore, she said, it had put definition in her legs. "I used to be skinny, like this," she said, grabbing her sister Jo's arm.

"What do you want?" screamed Jo, indignant, the freckles alive on her face. "I'm only in the 10th grade!" Jo is 10 and when she was only nine ran a half mile in 2:38.

"The trouble with most boys is they don't know a fat leg from a trim one," continued Dina, ignoring her sister. "A girl can have a shapely leg, but it can be all fat. And shoulders! Do you see the way swimming puts your shoulders out to here?"

Marie Mulder joined the club 14 months ago. She is one of eight children, most of them athletic, in the family of Carol Mulder, who was recently made Chief of Medical Care for the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Marie's mother says that Marie was given one doll in her entire life. She played with it for five minutes and tossed it aside. Marie cannot remember a time when she could not outrun every boy in her class. She says she quarterbacked her third-grade football team because she was the only one who could pass, and at 9 signed on with a boys' Little League team when the coach failed to notice the braids stuffed up in her hair. Her sister and bunkmate, Chris, 16, who preceded her to the Spikettes, takes credit for Marie's gravitation to track. "I taught her everything she knows," says Chris. "And now look at her. She's barely up to January in her scrapbook."

In Marie's first appearance for the Spikettes, she finished third in a 330-yard race. Later she broke the national girls' 880-yard indoor record the first time she ran it (in 2:11.4), and last month there was the excellent showing in Europe. Rosanne Andersen, women's track chairman of the Pacific AAU, called her "the brightest women's distance prospect in the nation." One coach calculated that her stride was 18 inches longer than normal for a girl her size. Marie seems to glide; she does not have the powerful thrust of Janell Smith (she could not match Janell at 440 yards, and it is just as well for her that Janell does not run the 880, but when they put

continued



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TWO GIRLS *continued*

metric mile into women's competition, as they are sure to do before the 1968 Olympics, she will be unbeatable). She maintains an almost uncanny pace—recently she ran a mile and a half in splits of 2:36, 2:36, 2:37.

It is the Javanese side of her Dutch-Indonesian heritage that dominates Marie's dark good looks, but she does not have an explanation for her running, only that though she likes people she "cannot stand to run behind them." There is no apparent limit to her range: at Foothill junior high she would be a straight-A student if she had not plummeted to a B-plus in Spanish. Her sewing teacher clucks over the orange sheath dress she has made ("notice the lining? And the seams—you can't see the stitching at all"). Her gym teacher says she can do 70 push-ups and throw a softball 160 feet.

Now that her father is moving to Washington, there is a question of where and for whom Marie will run next year. Her brother Roland, himself a former runner, wants her to stay in Sacramento and live with him so she can continue under Will Stephens. Roland says he has a vested interest—he took her on the other day, after a long layoff, and beat her by a fraction in 440 yards. He was in bed for three hours afterward. But another coach who saw her run wants her to come and benefit from his coaching in Eugene, Ore., where she has a sister. Still another—word gets around—thinks she would do just fine in his club 60 miles from Washington, D.C.

Her mother is in a quandary. What to do with her little Marie? But little Marie goes on her thrill-a-minute way, gobbling up algebra problems like they were popcorn, fascinating her classmates with stories about drinking raspberry soda in the nightclubs of Europe, and running great distances for Will's Spokenes. Her best friend, Tina Lotellier, who is nonathletic, says that "the kids at school don't look on Marie as goony or something for running," and that you have to think of her as just one of the girls. To that a one-time entrepreneur, his dreams long faded, would reply, "*Parvum et mutabile semper femina*," which is to say, "Don't trust those ordinary girls." A rival coach allowed Marie to compete with a field of ninth- and 10th-grade boys at Encina High the other day. Marie won the mile-and-a-half race by 30 yards.

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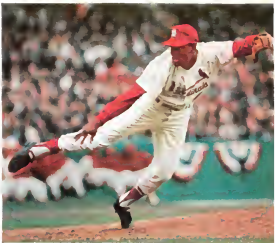
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NET GAINS ON THE COCONUT BEAT

In return for a few hours on the tennis court, the 40 players on the Caribbean tour lead a life of late breakfasts, beach time and parties

by FRANK DEFORD

Girls and boys together, they are all polite and socially primed, able to do the merengue and pick up the right fork. They are all, these 40 or so regulars on the Caribbean Tennis Tour, distinguished by traditional white dress and suntans, but the initial visual sameness is deceiving. They come from five continents, and among them they speak, it

seems, as many languages and dialects as Babel ever had.

Some of them are better than travel posters: the Scandinavian girls, fair-haired and lumber, dominating the beaches; Mrs. Ramanihan Krishnan, wife of India's best player, a diamond on her nose, a rose in her hair, moving gracefully in her long native gown; the

bearded Danes, Jørgen and Torben Ulrich, looking as if they came straight off Leif Ericson's ship. Others can stir visions simply with their names, exotic and dashing: Monique Salfati, Vincente Zarazua, Heide Schildknecht. The circuit itself is exotic and dashing—two months each winter in Tampa, Miami Beach, Trinidad, Barranquilla, Caracas, Mexico City, San Juan and St. Petersburg.

Not long ago the members of the tour reached San Juan—the Caribe Hilton Hotel, the favorite and swankiest stop of all—looking not only tanned and healthy but also much younger than they really are. The players looked, in fact, out of place, because there are very few young people at resort hotels. The younger generation is priced out, so there is no honest vitality and excitement about the places—just the coarse sound of money screaming, the raucous me-too babble of conventioners and the rammed-up boor-



IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY female players take to the beach in Puerto Rico to work on their suntans under the close supervision of Lin

Arilla of Spain (right). Because there are few young people at the resorts, the touring players depend on each other for companionship.

sluggish of those "with a little too much to drink." So the tennis kids, bouncing in, are in sharp contrast.

Their vivacity is conspicuous only by contrast, for the tour kids are not a loud bunch. They are much more interested in a relaxed existence than in the activities usually associated with the transient. They are not even excessively competitive, because this is not Wimbledon, remember, and you are only going to get hotter and sweeter knocking yourself out to get past the round of 16. At the Caribe Hilton the courts are directly behind the cabanas, the beach and the Atlantic Ocean. "You're out there so hot, and of course you think about the beach," says Lesley Turner of Australia, the third-ranked woman in the world. "It's hard to approach every tournament feeling that it is important, especially down here where it is so nice."

Miss Turner is a sweet girl, good-

humored and cute. She is 21, and this is her fifth year of almost constant tennis traveling, so touring has become a why-not thing. If she were not playing tennis, she figures she would be a secretary back in Sydney, and she does not fancy that.

The sameness of the tennis life, no matter how plush it is, affects the games of the players. Like Miss Turner, few even try to keep their games at a high level. Others, like Dennis Ralston of Bakersfield, Calif., use the tour as a testing ground for strokes and styles that can be perfected for later, more significant competition. But they are all athletes, and sometimes, suddenly, the competitive drive reappears and tennis is again a real battle.

Such was the case in San Juan with Margaret Smith of Australia, Miss Turner's attractive traveling companion, who is variously ranked as the best or second-best (after Maria Bueno) woman

player in the world. Miss Smith's concentration wavered all week at the Caribe, and sometimes in the doubles with Miss Turner she appeared to be playing in a dream. However, in the singles finals against Nancy Richey of Dallas it was impossible to be so detached, because the match took place in the frightful heat of the day, the two contestants in sympathy only with mad dogs and Englishmen. Many of the matches on the tour are played at night for just this reason. The center court at the Caribe was torrid and still, the heat just funneling down.

Miss Smith won the first set 8-6 and led 3-0 in the second before she began to wilt, and Miss Richey came on to win 6-4. But in losing Miss Smith seemed to gain interest in the struggle, and after the girls took cold showers and put on fresh clothes, Miss Smith started to play like losing meant something.

The girls played each other a brutal game, making themselves run from side to side, 10 or 12 shots to the point, back and over, right to left, over and over. The heat seemed to take more out of Miss Smith, but both were uncomfortable. It became difficult to serve; in the first nine games of the set only once was service held. But the heat was too great for Miss Smith. In the ninth game, needing only to hold her serve to win the match, she lost quickly and began to suffer hand cramps. In the 11th game it was leg cramps, but, courageously, she went on. Miss Richey, exhibiting a more stolid spirit, finally won 9-7. They rushed a doctor to Miss Smith's room afterward, and for a long time her cramped hand stayed painfully, grotesquely twisted like a claw. So sometimes, no matter where they are, they play hard.

For playing a little, a couple of hours on a couple of days before small and wealthy crowds, and for lying in the sun a lot, the players are well treated—actually fawned upon at some stops—and are given up to \$28 a day, the legal limit for expenses. Naturally, all their travel costs are paid by the various tournaments, each of which chips in about \$10,000 to a travel pool.

The players are catered to, but they are not demanding. They are, for the most part, a well-mannered lot, once they have worked out their financial arrangements. They do not possess the sub-

Continued



IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING Dennis Ralston uses his forehand to beat out a fast terrace on the steel deers during one of the many games given for the touring players.

stance or even, apparently, the imagination to carry on in the libertine manner attributed to them by Bobby Wilson, the British player who wrote about such behavior in his book last year.

Representatives of the eight tournaments meet in September at Forest Hills to set up an itinerary for the tour and to look over player applications. (The Ralstons and Stollies are invited; lesser players must apply.) Later—this past year it

who looks like Mighty Mouse—which is what they call him—has half-dollar eyes that grow bigger when he gets near women, or merely in their vicinity. He went out with Michelle for a while on the European circuit last summer, but he thinks such intramural attachments are generally unwise. "We are all like sisters and brothers," he says, echoing what everyone on tour says. "This is like one big family, and all these girls"—eyes en-

heard the story, Stollie set out quietly to collect money from the other players. (That Stollie handled the matter is not surprising. On the tour there is a remarkably high correlation between the best players and the most dominant personalities.) Friday night, at the annual players' party, Stollie got up and called Gerard to the microphone. "We just thought, Lew," he said, "that we would try to get you something so you could buy a new wallet. So on behalf of all the players on the circuit who like you and think you're a great guy, Lew, we'd like to give you this." It was an envelope containing \$1,000.

A fair portion of the Gerrard fund was a donation from the tournament itself, an act that provides the players with another reason for thinking the Caribe Hilton is the best tournament on the circuit and maybe even anywhere. Part of the affection is natural—it is a relaxing week at a ritzy resort and there is no great competitive pressure—but the fondness extends beyond these obvious limits. The players simply like the members of the Caribe Hilton Swimming and Tennis Club who run the show. This has led to a party—"the only one of its kind in the world," the players boast—that is given for the players for the people who stage the tournament.

About 25 of the boys and 15 of the girls play all or nearly all of the tournaments. Some of them are the ranking players in the world; others have questionable talent and are there strictly for the company and the U.S. ultraviolet rays. Still others dream foolishly that their games finally will click. "Some of them," Lesley Turner says, "think—no, they really believe—that if they just practice, practice they will become champions. You cannot tell them otherwise, but they just don't have the talent or the temperament. I feel sorry for the boys, because someday they will have to get a job."

But the heart of the tour is made up of the medium player, the journeyman, the girl or boy who can beat almost anybody on a good day, who has just the tinge of a name and a national ranking. There were 18 No. 1 players at the Caribe Hilton, including such ever-popular household names as Maria Guzman, Ivo Pamiel, Ivan Molina and Michael Valdez. There is an air of authority, of—my goodness—distinction attached to being No. 1 from anywhere instead of,



IN A SCENE TYPICAL OF TOUR'S RELAXED AIR, MANUEL SANTANA NEEDLES THE ULTRAVIOLETS

was at Acapulco in December—the representatives decide which players should be included on the tour.

The players travel mostly in tribal-like groups. The boys sort of herd their countrywomen about, guiding them, protecting them and making sure they are enjoying themselves. The girls feel that they have to depend on male players for escorts because, as Michelle Bouille of France says: "Everyone else you meet down here is so old, the only ones who ask you are 'what you call them?'—wolves, yes?" Michelle was explaining this dressed in a brief, green-striped bathing suit. She has long hair, long legs and rates high with 40 million Frenchmen. What she went on to say would make them all cry: "I cannot bother with the boys. I have to work, practice and, ooh, the boys also—how can I?"

Lis Arilla, a puckish young Spaniard

languish. "I like them all, every one, but just as a friend."

The textbook example of tennis taking care of its own is the case of Lew Gerrard, an unfortunate young man from New Zealand. The first week on the tour Gerrard bought a bathing suit, and the next week it was stolen. That was just a warmup. Coming to San Juan, Gerrard changed planes in Miami and left his wallet on the plane. The customs people, in an enchanting display of U.S. charm, would not permit him to reboard, and when they finally put a call through to the parked plane, the captain or somebody said sorry, no wallet here. This was not surprising, avarice still being afloat in most places, because Lew Gerrard's wallet contained \$1,300.

At the Caribe Hilton, Gerrard roomed with Fred Stollie, the No. 2 player in Australia and the world. As soon as he

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say, No. 33 from the United States (which is what Vic Seixas is).

Away from the court the players take little interest in their international surroundings. Indeed, one of the more favored aspects of the Caribe Hilton is that they are all quartered where they play. Some of the players never even got off the hotel grounds. The sum total of most days is eating, sleeping (late), playing tennis, practicing, sunning and maybe enjoying a couple of drinks or a few spins of the roulette wheel at night. Eccentricities are rare but generally tolerated, particularly in the Ulrich brothers, Jorgen and Torben, who possess most of what bizarre behavior there is. Even that is not complex, consisting only of their beards, their lack of interest in the sun and their constant conflict with the clock.

The Ulrichs are night people to such an extent that they are better tennis players after the sun goes down. Torben, the elder, can be counted upon to show for breakfast — corn flakes, toast and coffee — regularly at 3:15 p.m., even when he

has a 4 o'clock match. This sort of activity is countenanced by the other players, who lead more regulated lives.

The best representative of the norm is Lis Arilla, the little Spaniard. A middle-echelon tournament player, charming and fun-loving but moderate and even properly homesick at times, Arilla is 23 and the second-ranked Spanish player after Manolo Santana. "I am the youngest oldest player on the tour now," he says in the bright English he learned from watching TV.

Arilla is good enough to command full expenses, \$28 a day, but even if he were not so good he is personable enough to hang on. His Caribbean tour, in fact, started in February, when he showed up for the Philadelphia Invitational. From there it went to Salisbury, Md. for the U.S. indoor, where he and Santana were defending doubles champions, and then to the Caribbean.

It is an up-and-down life. During the tour Arilla beat Stolle and Frank Froehling, and in Mexico City he got to the

semifinals, but more often than not he was out by the second round. Usually it was Ramanathan Krishnan who beat him. Arilla is used to such a high-ranking nemesis. Last year he never was able to escape Roy Emerson.

It was fun sometimes — flying with the pilots in a chartered DC-4 or touring the nightclubs in Caracas — but he also got sick once, and another time he missed the whole Miami Beach tournament because of a knee injury. Faithfully, twice a week during the tour, Arilla wrote home to Barcelona, and by the time he got to the Caribe Hilton he was eager to be home.

Still, the kind of week Lis Arilla spent at the Caribe Hilton is the kind of week people dream about all winter — and pay \$100 a day to enjoy. He arrived Monday, and almost before he had unpacked he was beaten in the first round by Roger Werksman, an unranked U.S. player. Philosophically, Arilla shrugged and headed off to a cocktail party that was being given for the players. He had a

continued



Old Spice — with that clean, crisp, masculine aroma!

few local girls to get reacquainted with—one particularly that he remembered, a beautiful, delicate little girl named Marianne Moll, who had been tennis queen the year before.

Tuesday was a soft day for Arilla. He slept and swam and "then, I tell you, I watched the tennis matches for a change." He was in bed by 10 o'clock. Other nights he was a bit more active. Wednesday he had dinner with Marianne and several players and then went up to the casino, where he lost \$10 at blackjack. This was not surprising, since Arilla played almost the whole time thinking aces counted 10.

Thursday evening he took Marianne out to dinner at another hotel's supper club, double-dating with the Mexican players Zarazua and Elena Subirats. The Ulrichs, Arilla noted, were the only other players there.

The next evening, Friday, his nocturnal activities were spoiled by the Ulrichs, whom he and Santana had to play. It was much the most entertaining match of

the tournament—remember, the Ulrichs play better at night—with the Spaniards winning in three sets. Afterward Arilla dropped in at the party to see Lew Gerrard get his money.

Saturday night, his last, was the Tennis Ball. Arilla was paired with his old summer love, Michelle, but they were both tired and talked little. Still, Arilla said it was an excellent ball. "This one and Monte Carlo, they are the two best," he said, coolly analyzing them all, all the tennis balls the world over.

Arilla's days included a little practice, daily siestas and sun, the last letters home, lunch on a Spanish ship that was docked at San Juan and an exhibition match that he and Gerrard played at the Americana Hotel for a convention group. "I think we put on a very good show," he reported afterward, and Arilla is pretty good at gauging this sort of thing, since he checks the crowd out at every point. "Look, there he goes," said Cliff Richey, watching him one night. "See, the eyes. I think Mighty Mouse is

just checking the house to see if there are enough pretty girls for him to be inspired." On Saturday, Richey and Ralston beat Arilla and Santana.

The next day, his final one on the tour, Arilla slept late and then joined Marianne and her brother for lunch. He watched the finals—Miss Richey beating Miss Smith, Santana routing Ralston—and then Marianne took him to Palm Sunday services. It was really goodbye, and as he headed off to church about 10 girls came over to say that they would see him next year. "Lis is," Michelle had said earlier, "like a butterfly."

After church Marianne brought him back to pick up his bags, and then Lis Arilla, the Caribbean tour behind him for another year, went out to the airport and headed for Barcelona. He would be home for four hours, pack again and then take off for Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo has the second best tennis ball.

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PEOPLE

How does a winning Kentucky Derby jockey relax before the big ride? Why, he shoots a little pool with the rest of the boys in the jockeys' room. Bored in behind the eight-ball here (below), **Willie Shoemaker** tried a long shot, got lucky and brought it home.

Lana Turner isn't one of those phomes who builds a big pool within spitting distance of the ocean just for show. No sir, not Lana. "I know there's a big ocean out there," said Miss Turner, after building a large pool at her Malibu Beach home. "In fact, it's too big. Twice I've been pulled under. I got myself a pool because I like swimming, not sinking."

Charles Lindbergh, Lone Eagle of the Atlantic, has been named a governor of the World Wildlife Fund. That group is dedicated to preserving and multiplying species now threatened with extinction—including eagles.

Foot-weary tourists tramping trails in the hard marble corridors of the Senate Office Building sometimes are startled by a young man in a neat brown suit who comes hurtling past like an Olympic dashman. It is Senator

William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who never rides when he can walk and never walks when he can run. "Actually, I'm pretty careful about the corridor," he says. "People resent seeing someone running too obviously here." When he is not on public display, Proxmire's athletic program is more strenuous yet. He gets up at 6 a.m., does 215 push-ups and a mélange of stomach, back, arm and neck exercises. Then, after breakfast, he runs either one and a half or two miles on his way to work, "depending on whether or not I miss the bus."

When **Ted Williams'** plane crash-landed and caught fire in Korea in 1953, **Coy D. Hammers** was one of two members of a rescue squad that pulled Williams out of the burning jet. Now Coy Hammers is serving a five-year term in Springfield, Mo. for burglary and Williams has offered to help facilitate his parole. **Mickey Owen**, sheriff of Greene County and a Boston Red Sox team-mate in 1954, confirms that Williams is trying to find a job for Hammers.

Anna Maria Albergheiti, currently displaying her talents in Reno, progressed from Harold's Club to Heavenly Valley and partway back. Skiing at the Lake Tahoe resort, Anna Maria got down the first slope adequately enough, but on the second, a mild-mannered meline, she suffered lacerations and abrasions. Rushed back to Washoe Medical Center for emergency treatment, Miss Albergheiti was operated upon for a skinned knee. Then, in true showbiz tradition and against her doctor's strict orders, she went on with her two scheduled shows.

If you're going to invite guests like the Netherlands' Prince Bernhard and Greece's King Constantine over for a shoot, you have to have something for them to shoot at. There are plen-

ty of deer and pheasant on Spetsopoula, Greek Shipping Magnate **Stavros Niarchos'** private island some 60 miles south of Athens. But up to now there haven't been nearly enough partridge. To prepare for the hunting season, Niarchos recently had 30 cartons of live partridge, male and female, sent over from Rogn.

Lady Bird Johnson, who has no difficulty remembering when she wore a size 14, now fits comfortably into a size 10, thanks to her new physical-fitness program. Twice a week she visits the White House Bribeth and churns 20 laps up and down the pool with a determined side-stroke. The First Lady sometimes even conducts business at the same time. "I'd hoped to talk to her from poolside," recalls her secretary, **Lar Carpenter**. "First thing you know I'm in my bathing suit, into the water and swimming along beside her. I had to talk to her between gasps."

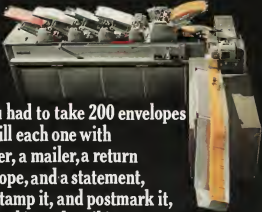
"Insurance has a bigger future from a financial and stability standpoint," said **Tom Heinsohn**, announcing his departure from the Boston Celtics to become an insurance agent. But

the Celt corner man left disconsolate fans a glimmer of hope: he wouldn't make his decision final until the fall. "I really would like to play next season," Heinsohn admitted, "but insurance is first."

Nobody argues much with Alabama Legislator **Thomas Drake**, who currently presides as House Whip. By no coincidence, Tom Drake's physiognomy is more bull than bullwhip. Drake was a 57½-minute-per-game guard at Chattanooga University and Southeastern Conference wrestling champion for three consecutive years. Now, as one of the most popular professional wrestlers in the South, Drake gives his colleagues in the House a breather two or three times a week when he takes time out to hammerlock bad guys in the wrestling ring.

There are lots worse ways to train. **Floyd Patterson** (below), preparing for the next fight on his comeback path, piloted a soccer ball downfield, holed pursued by a pack of Swedish school-boys. It may seem like an easy way to train but, after all, just how much conditioning do you need to pickle a boxer named **Ted Herring**?





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The playing and the partying were loovly

Notre Dame's rugged boys, who didn't know a scrum-down from a loose-forward five years ago, scored with 15 seconds to go to win the Irish Challenge Cup, but plucky Toronto showed who was boss at the parties

Oh, well done, Nomads!"

But a kilted piper in the stands blew a discordant skirl of disapproval.

"Scrum it up lads!"

Elon? Cambridge? No, Cartier Field, Notre Dame, Ind. But the scene, except for a few anomalies, could have come from *Tom Brown's School Days*.

Fifteen intense players in the green shorts and white shirts of the Notre Dame Rugby Club were tearing up and down the field with 15 equally rapt players wearing the blue-and-white-striped jerseys and blue shorts of the Toronto Rugby Club. They converged and spread apart, hurled themselves in vicious tackles, punted, drop-kicked and place-kicked, and lateraled the ball underhand while soaring horizontally through the air. This was the final of the First Notre Dame Invitational Rugby Tournament, considered to be, because of the strength of the teams, the most important American Rugby tournament of the season. On the previous day, playing on a puddled field, Notre Dame had beaten Columbia and Virginia, while Toronto was skidding by Indiana and Army.

Now on the slick stadium grass, with the fat yellow ball as slippery to handle as a wet watermelon, the two fine teams vied for the Irish Challenge Cup. Toronto supporters, some in blazers and straw hats bearing the legend *nomads*, wandered up and down the sidelines, closely following the play.

"Loovly, loovly, loovly!" one of the Toronto fans cried as a Toronto player punted over the sidelines.

"He found touch," explained the public-address announcer in rich British accents, then immediately translated: "He kicked it out-of-bounds."

A moment later it was Notre Dame's turn to cheer as its fast backs, dodging and lateraling the ball across the field, brought it into Toronto territory.

"Nomads, get a bloody grip!" one of Toronto's supporters urged in alarm.

"Oh, well done, scrum!" shouted a Notre Dame player with an American accent when teammates moved the ball upfield with a series of short kicks. Suddenly a Nomad intercepted a lateral.

"That'll give their chaps something to ponder on," a Toronto man murmured. But a Nomad ballcarrier was hit from the blind side.

"Kill 'im!" a less pensive Notre Dame rooter shouted.

Gay Pang, a 145-pound Hawaiian who plays fly-half for Notre Dame, was bowled over by a Toronto player. He

slid 20 feet on the grass and five feet more on the cement bordering the sidelines. Before he had come to a proper rest he was up and rejoining the melee.

"Loovly, loovly," somebody said.

The teams were evenly matched. The Toronto Nomads, an amateur club made up of Englishmen, Scotsmen and Australians as well as Canadians—and the best team in eastern Canada—knew the game better than the Notre Dame boys and had the advantage in kicking. Notre Dame had the faster backs and stronger, more determined forwards.



GRIMACING IRISH CAPTAIN MIKE MURPHY LEAPS FOR BALL AGAINST TORONTO NOMADS

"The first half ends nil-nil," intoned the announcer, and the players took a five-minute rest.

Rugby, a game that originated in England in 1823 when a soccer player picked up the ball and ran, is the direct father of American football, but few Americans find it easy to get the hang of the daddly sport. They have to learn terms like scrum-down and line-out and the special duties of positions like hooker, prop, lock, loose-forward, inside three-quarters, second row and scrum-half. They have to learn to punt while running, to tackle high to prevent the ball-carrier from passing the ball to a teammate and to give up the ball instead of trying to run with it. "American players have a tendency to take the ball and do with it," says Bob Mer, who helped bring Rugby to Notre Dame. "If you don't keep possession of the ball, a long run is useless. The trick is to pass just as you're about to be tackled."

The game is full of gentlemanly traditions. Players are not supposed to hurt

the referee. When a fight seems likely, teammates hurl the incipient combatants apart and persuade them to shake hands. This gesture calls for applause. It is also a tradition to be stoical about injuries. If a player decides he is so badly hurt he cannot continue, his team plays a man short since substitutions are not allowed. In the first half of the Notre Dame-Virginia game, Notre Dame forward John Mauro took an awkward fall and broke his arm, but he kept playing. When the arm became almost intolerably painful in the second half, he carefully shielded and took the brunt of punishment on the other arm.

To many American players the Rugby tradition that compensates for aches and sprains and muddied faces is the Rugby party, where the host team entertains the visiting team or teams as lavishly as it can afford. The game is forgotten, and everyone bathes in a spirit of conviviality. Toasts are drunk, friendships are struck and Rugby songs, such as *The Sex Life of the Camel*, are sung. A team that

has lost the game often can find solace by winning the party.

On the eve of its tournament, the Notre Dame Rugby Club threw an informal smoker and followed this with a more formal banquet. As Rugby porties go, the smoker, in a South Bend hotel, was a mild affair. Toronto is said to have won. The second party, held the night before the final, was quite another thing. Scotch bagpipers played rousing marches. Pretty girls attended from colleges far and near. In the English tradition punts were hoisted and enthusiastic singers stood on tabletops. A kind of hockey was played on the floor with brooms for sticks and, of course, Jello for the puck. In the background was a dance band playing brassy music for such traditional dances as the frog and the jerk. Past games were replayed, past parties were recalled and friendships were cemented. Later a mirror got smashed, a telephone was mysteriously pulled off the wall, one team gave a hotel room a good hosing and another team was re-

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RUGBY continued

quested to move out of the hotel. Toronto was adjudged the winner, with a two-way tie for second. The party was one of the best ever.

Apart from enjoying the challenge of such rigorous partying, most collegiate players got into Rugby because they were either too small to play big-time football, or gave up football for a sport that allowed them to perform like two-way quarterbacks—passing, running, kicking and tackling. Some simply preferred Rugby's more "civilized" atmosphere. An Indianan, who had played high school football, recalled with a shudder his coach's "psyching" trick of posting pictures of opposing players in each man's locker before the upcoming game. The word "Hate" was written over each picture. "Rugby has a lot more dimension than most major varsity sports," he said, "because you respect your opponents as nice guys, even though they're trying to cream you on the field."

Whatever their reasons, undergraduates and some graduate students are joining college Rugby clubs at an ever-increasing rate, especially in the Midwest. Five years ago, there were none outside the St. Louis area. Now seven Big Ten universities have clubs, as well as the U. of Chicago. In a year, estimates Victor Hilarov, president of the Midwest Rugby Football Union, every Big Ten school will have a Rugby club. The game appeals to all types: Wisconsin has a French count, Minnesota has a sky diver and Indiana has a bullfighter on its team. Football players make up the nucleus of the strong Stanford teams, where Rugby is a varsity sport, and California, which probably has the best Rugby team of all the colleges, has been invited to play in Australia. At Yale and Princeton football players get their off-season knocks by playing Rugby. Yale can field three teams, and among its players are Derrick Birds, who plays on the Brazilian National team in the summer, and Tony Dune, captain of this year's football team. On Princeton is Stan Malinowski, an All-Ivy League football player.

The disadvantage of playing for a college club is that money for travel, equipment and entertaining is hard to come by. The Notre Dame club wanted to raise funds by having the football team, no member of which plays Rugby, take on the Chicago Bears in basketball, but this was vetoed. The club is now thinking of selling blood to a blood bank. "We

continued

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RUGBY

might as well get paid for spilling it," said a second-stranger.

Notre Dame, however, spills whatever blood it spills to good purpose. Of all college teams, it has made the greatest strides in attracting applicants and in improving its skills. Five years ago Bob Mier, who played Rugby in his home town of St. Louis, got together with Ken Featherstone, a professor of architecture, and founded the Rugby Club. The first 25 players turned out and the team had a 3-5-2 record. Last fall 90 players answered the call for recruits, and Notre Dame continued its triumphant ways, winning 19 straight games before losing.

In the second half of the Toronto Nomad game a drizzle started and colorful umbrellas mushroomed in the stands. The game got rough. At one point Mike Murphy, the 6-foot-5, 210-pound Notre Dame captain, slammed into a smaller Toronto player and knocked him flat. The grounded Nomad lay still in the cold drizzle while play moved around him. A second Nomad was knocked down, and he lay still. Finally the ball was kicked out-of-bounds. Helped by their teammates, the fallen pair clambered to their feet and announced they were ready to play. The Notre Dame players, as is traditional, applauded the boys' pluck, while the Torontonians applauded the sportsmanship of the Notre Dame team.

Play moved quickly up and down the field with no score until, with only 15 seconds to go, Notre Dame was awarded a penalty kick near the Toronto goal.

"A bloody gyp," a Toronto follower said quietly.

The ball, to the dismay of Toronto, was 15 yards from and directly in front of the goalposts. Jamie Toohey, the star kicker on the Notre Dame team, dug a hole in the turf for the ball to rest in and stepped back a few paces. He calmly sighted the crossbar, stepped forward and swiftly and with a smart kick sent the ball soaring between the uprights. It was three points for Notre Dame, and a moment later the game ended, Notre Dame had captured the Irish Challenge Cup.

Maintaining tradition, the winners formed two lines and applauded the losers through, and the losers formed two lines and applauded the winners through. Just before the huge silver trophy was presented to a mud-covered Murphy, the players swarmed over one another and sang *No Bloods Lie or All You* could not tell winners from losers.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A young master with the old touch

When James Wisemiller, a 21-year-old Ohio State University sophomore, finished first in the Open Pairs event in this year's Spring Nationals he became the youngest player ever to win a major national championship. His more experienced partner, also from Columbus, was John Biddle, a 36-year-old CPA with more than 2,600 master points to his credit. It was also Biddle's first national championship win.

Wisemiller has been playing bridge since he was 16, but took up the tournament game only a little more than two years ago. So rapid was his success that Jim, a marketing student, became a Life Master just two months after his 19th birthday, making him one of the youngest ever to

achieve that highest player-ranking of the American Contract Bridge League.

But Life Master ranking, especially when it is achieved without experience in national competition, is by no means a guarantee of strong performance against top level opposition. And so, when the scores of the Open Pairs were announced, Wisemiller seemed incredulous. He and Biddle had performed a remarkable feat, winning the title from a field of 756 pairs—the biggest such event ever played. What is more, in a tight three-way finish they had nosed out such formidable opposition as Ivan Erdos-Tobias Stone, the runners-up, and Sam Stayman-Victor Mitchell, who finished third.

Jim behaved like a seasoned performer defending with the West hand in this deal, which contributed to their victory.

Jim's decision to pass the opening spade bid was wise; he felt that a penalty represented his side's best chance to show a profit. Sure enough, the opponents did climb to game as the result of some overbidding by both partners, but when they got there, Wisemiller revised his original idea and decided not to double. Setting the contract undoubled would be good enough for a big score, while a double might help declarer gauge the winning play.

West opened the ace of trumps to cut down dummy's ruffing power. When he saw dummy, he was tempted to underlead the club ace but decided that this tactic would have better success if the play were made after he had already shown up with two aces. So he continued with trumps.

Declarer won and led a diamond up to the king, the right play to make first since the only chance to avert two diamond losers was to find the ace with West. Jim climbed up with his ace of diamonds and now, having revealed that he began with two aces, he decided it was time for the deceptive underlead of the ace of clubs.

South glared suspiciously at Jim but could not credit him with keeping silent on a three-ace hand. So he put in dummy's jack of clubs, losing to the queen. Biddle returned a club, and Jim cashed his ace for the setting trick.

Biddle and Wisemiller's victory gave them five out of six qualifying points for the International Team Trials in San Francisco in November. Jim will be the youngest candidate in the Trials if he and Biddle can do well in the Summer National Championships to be played in Chicago this August and pick up that one necessary point.

END

North-South vulnerable
South dealer



Opening lead: ace of hearts



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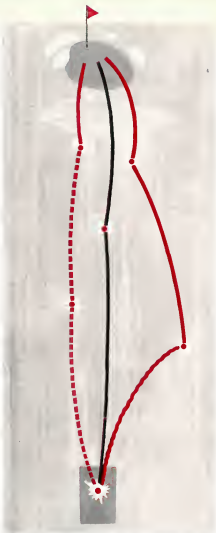
Improve your corporate image with ten new flavors: Chocolate, Chocolate Marshmallow, Dutch Chocolate, Vanilla, Butterscotch, Eggnog, Raspberry, Tutti-Frutti, Cherry and Banana.



A place where gambling is proper

Too often the weekend amateur does not give himself his best chance to reach the long par-4s or even the par-5s in two shots. He is prudent with his drive, and this frequently means that he has to play his second shot safely short of hazards guarding the front of the green. My advice on such holes, especially if there is any room at all off the tee, is to abandon caution. Stand up on the tee and decide to hit your longest possible drive, for this is a case in which boldness is not only much more fun, it is smart golf. As far as the touring pros are concerned, the 15th hole at the Augusta National, a par-5 with the same characteristics as the one at right, provides a good example of how this strategy works. We all try to hit big drives here because the reward for good tee shots can be great, while the penalty for bad ones is very slight. If, in our effort to swing hard, we hit sloppy drives we can still play safely short of the water with our second shots. Thus we are no worse off than the cautious player who has simply tried to steer his drive down the middle. The average golfer faces the same kind of challenge on his club's long par-4s. If he really cuts loose off the tee he opens up the chance to get home in two and possibly score a birdie. If his tee shot is poor he can usually hit a recovery shot out in front of the green, which is where he would have been anyway if he had hit a short, safe drive.

FRANCIS GORDON



The advantage of boldness on a long par-4 or short par-5 is apparent here. With a big drive (center) the green can be reached in two. If the drive is missed (right) you can still be as well off as with two conservative shots (left).

Start it up and it turns into a Volkswagen.

Twist the key of the Karmann Ghia, and all kinds of wonderful things happen.

For one thing, the motor starts.

Don't laugh, a lot of other conventional engines might not. Especially on a miserably cold winter morning.

The reason the Ghia revs right up is because it's got one of those air-cooled Volkswagen engines in the back.

Drive a Ghia for a while, and your gas and oil bills will fall into that economical Volkswagen tradition. Tires will take you some 40,000 miles Volkswagen style.

You'll get that remarkable Volkswagen traction. The easy availability of Volkswagen parts. The reasonably priced Volkswagen service.

Dino for everything else Volkswagen.

But there is one thing that's a far cry from our beetle-motored job: the Karmann Ghia's beautiful Italian-designed body.

So you can start it up, turn into a little bug, and nobody will know you're undergoing a metamorphosis. Except you.



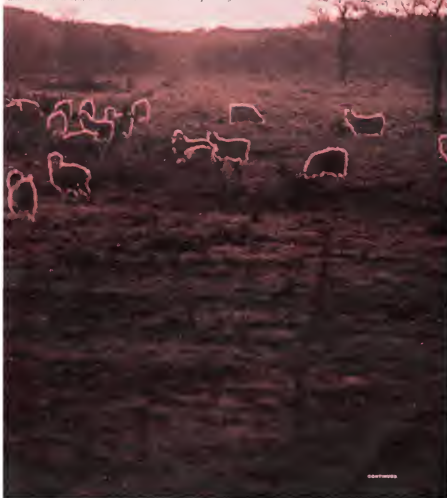
THE ONCE



FORBIDDING LAND

Enduring men have brought abundance to the L.B.J. country of central Texas—birthland of the President. It is a stubborn place, but a country where there is dancing room for the human spirit and where it is still a virtue to own and work a piece of land

BY EDWIN SHRAKE



CONTINUED

The answer was waiting for me in the land where I was born.

It was once barren land. The angular hills were covered with scrub cedar and a few live oaks. Little would grow in the harsh caliche soil. And each spring the Pedernales River would flood the valley.

But men came and worked and endured and built.

Today that country is abundant with fruit, cattle, goats and sheep. There are pleasant homes, and lakes, and the floods are gone.

Why did men come to that once forbidding land?

Well, they were restless, of course, and had to be moving on. But there was more than that. There was a dream—a dream of a place where a free man could build for himself, and raise his children to a better life—a dream of a continent to be conquered, a world to be won, a nation to be made.

Remembering this, I knew the answer.

PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON

State of the Union address, 1965

The dust came up from the wheels of the car and settled like talcum powder on the leaves of the live oak trees. There was dust on the trunks of the trees, too, and on the cedar fence posts. But back in the meadow, where the sheep were, the winter rye was green. As the car approached on a farm road near the Pedernales River, Hondo Crouch saw the white of the New Jersey license plate. He squinted, pulled down the brim of his straw hat to shade his eyes, stuck a piece of grass between his lips and did not look up again until the car stopped and the driver leaned out the window.

"Hey, sport," the driver said, "where's the LBJ Ranch?"

"The what?" said Hondo.

"The LBJ Ranch," the driver said.

Hondo chewed on the grass and looked dubious.

"Lyndon B. Johnson, the President of the United States," the driver said.

"Oh, yeah, the Prezident," said Hondo.

"Well, where's his ranch?" the driver said.

"Don't know. I can say what it's at," said Hondo. "I don't live around here mahself."

"Where do you live?" the driver said.

"Down the road about a mile," said Hondo.

The car disappeared in a furious fog of caliche dust. Hondo tossed away the piece of grass and pushed back his hat with a thumb. "A man can't go telling these foreigners everything he knows," Hondo said. "First thing, you'd wake up one morning and they'd be carried off ever stump and loop of bobwhar on the whole ranch for souvenirs."

Hondo Crouch, a former All-America swimmer at the University of Texas, whacked the dust from his Levi's and wandered off to look in at the Comfort Wool & Mohair Co., which he owns, and at *The Comfort News*, where he writes a column under the name of Peter Cedarstacker. A few miles to the west, Thayer Hobson walked out onto the porch of his house at Deer Ledge Ranch. From the porch Hobson could see his Appaloosa horses grazing in a pas-

ture and could look out at the light shifting from peach to pink to purple across the granite mountains and limestone cliffs of the central Texas Hill Country. Until Lyndon B. Johnson became President and moved The Other White House to his ranch outside Stonewall on the north bank of the Pedernales, few people other than Texans had ever heard of the Hill Country and most Texans had only the faintest idea of where and what it is.

Thayer Hobson discovered the Hill Country for himself three years ago. He was then, and is now, chairman of the board of William Morrow & Company, Inc., a New York publishing firm. Hobson has arranged it so that he can handle his affairs with William Morrow & Company from the Deer Ledge Ranch in Comfort, Texas through a constant flow of telephone calls, memoranda and stenographic tapes. He still edits the manuscripts of Eric Stanley Gardner and assorted other writers. But when he goes into the barbershop or the feed store or the old Faust Hotel in Comfort, or drives up to Fredericksburg for a dinner of sauerbraten, red cabbage and potato dumplings at a German restaurant, he is Thayer Hobson, rancher and Hill Country man, and all they know about him is that he raises fine Appaloosa horses.

"I served my penance by spending most of my life in New York City," Hobson said one evening in the paneled den at Deer Ledge Ranch. He lay back in a leather chair and regarded his mooseantenned feet with great satisfaction. "When the time came that I knew I had to get out of New York or suffocate, I started searching. I went to Mexico, and then my wife, Bettie, and I came to Texas. We stayed for a while in San Antonio and a while in Austin, and we drove into the Hill Country and found what we were looking for. We bought this place and got fascinated with horses. We work hard at it. We're not dilettantes. Within 10 years this will be recognized as a superb area for training Thoroughbreds. The Hill Country soil is wonderful for their hooves."

"One thing I object to is that they're calling this L.B.J. country," Hobson said. "I'm a Johnson man myself. But this was the Hill Country before Lyndon Johnson came along, and it will be the Hill Country after all of us are gone. It's a country with tradition, with an exciting history. The two things I like best about it are the excellent year-round climate and the people. These people have a solid sense of values. Out here nobody cares who you are. All they care is what you are. If you're a good man, honest and decent, it doesn't matter whether you're a cowboy or the chairman of the board of a major corporation, you're accepted on your own merit as a man."

A few months ago Thayer Hobson and Bettie, widow of the late Pulitzer Prizewinning novelist H. L. Davis, decided on a vacation in England, the only other place Hobson, after traveling the world, would care to live. They bought their tickets, made reservations, dug out their passports and packed their bags. Then they sat in the den at Deer Ledge Ranch with their books and horse-show trophies. They looked out at that changing light and at the vast silence and feeling of peace that hang over the hills. Out there, somewhere, among the Mexican juniper and Spanish oak and the clear cold springs that pour over white limestone, in the forests of elm and hackberry and cottonwood that form tunnels for the streams, out there in the hills were herds of sheep and goats tended by border colliers and lone men on horseback. There were wild turkeys and white-tailed deer, bobcats and coyotes, fox-squirrels and skunks and jackrabbits, and corrals with snubbing posts for breaking wild horses and old stone houses with pressed tin roofs built by the German settlers more than 100 years ago. The Hobsons looked out as the hills darkened into ink black and the night came with its sparkling clarity and the bells of the lead sheep tinkled in the valleys.

"Thayer," said Bettie Hobson, "why are we going away?"

"I couldn't think of a reason," Thayer Hobson said later. "So we unpacked and stayed here. I don't know why anybody would ever want to leave this country. I guess after three years I'm the most blatant Texan you will ever meet."

Texas is a number of contradictory territories bound together roughly inside the Red River to the north, the Rio Grande River to the west, the Sabine River to the east, and the Gulf of Mexico to the south. The territories are like, say, seven frequently quarrelsome brothers living in the same house. There are the pine forests and the cotton culture of east Texas, the black farmlands of north Texas, the prairies and cattle country of the West, the lonely and stunning mountains of the Big Bend, the orchards and truck gardens of the Rio Grande Valley and the shipping, sugar, petrochemicals and sand dunes along the Gulf Coast. But the part of the state that Lyndon Johnson most often talks about, that inspires the allegiance of a transplant like Thayer Hobson and the protection of a native like Hondo Crouch, is a hunk of kneaded ground covering about 14,000 square miles.

The Hill Country begins around Killeen in the north,

runs south to Austin, curves southwest to San Antonio and goes west to the far side of Kerrville. The Colorado River comes down from the northwest with its six Highland Lakes for fishing, boating, water skiing and flood control. The Colorado twists through Austin and heads southeast to empty into the Gulf. To the west and southwest of Austin are other rivers—the Guadalupe, the Pedernales, the Blanco, the Llano—that cut through the hills and can boil into flash floods that tear away bridges, houses and herds of livestock. The thin soil and the overgrazing that destroyed much of the grass and allowed scrubby cedar and mesquite to stubble miles of hills have not made it an easy country in which to live. There is no oil in the Hill Country, no simple path to wealth.

It is the sort of country where a man is on the earth under a big sky and there is no way to fake it. The false skills of the cities—the bucksterning, the maneuvering at multi-martini lunches, the high-camp culturism, the slippery small talk of the cocktail parties, the frantic grabbing for status, all the fast-time-destroying word games and social ploys that give life in the cities a sense of temporariness and uselessness—these count for nothing in the Hill Country. What matters is that a man is honest in what he does and that he has a certain largeness of spirit. The late Stanley

continued



After only three years in the Hill Country, fugitive Thayer Hobson is a blatant Texan. He and his wife Bettie can think of no reason to leave.

Walker, former city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote in a book called *Home to Texas*: "The kindness of the citizens, their calm but friendly interest in the well-being of their neighbors, is apparent enough, but there are exceptions. The man who exhibits a small, mean side is not exactly ostracized, but his misbegotten little acts are remembered. He may not be censured, but he is avoided."

The Friendly Bar is in Johnson City, 44 miles west of Austin on the highway that goes through Dropping Springs—a town that looks like the place where the first *High Noon* hero ambled down that wide, dusty street, hands dangling at his gun belt (worn low, of course, with the scabbard tip strapped just above the knee), and then outdrew that first sinister stranger. The Friendly Bar is the refuge of James Ealy Johnson, cousin of the President. A cowboy and occasional dealer in real estate, James Ealy is a tall, hawny man with the famous nose, ears and chin of the Johnson family and a face that is creased and browned by the sun and wind of the Hill Country. At 55 James Ealy goes nearly every day to play dominoes with his pals at the Friendly. He wears a straw hat and the boots of a working cowboy, with walking heels, and a few buttons have popped off his green corduroy shirt. His long Johns show at the cuff and neck. He rolls his own cigarettes and can do it one-handed if the other hand happens to be occupied with holding a beer bottle. Like his cousin, James Ealy has a ranging mind. But, unlike his cousin, James Ealy never cared to be anything much but a cowboy in the Hill Country.

"What most folks go their whole lives without realizing is that everything comes from the earth," James Ealy said one afternoon in the Friendly. "All money comes from the ground—this bar stool, this cigarette, these boots, the fancy cars the tourists drive through town, it all comes out of this earth. When you forget how you stand with the land you have forgot the most important thing about being a man. It used to be, back in 1929 or so, you could hardly get into Johnson City for all the people. I had 94 Mexicans working for me. Then the ground wore out and everybody moved off. If L.B.J. hadn't got to be President, we might of all starved to death around here. But now we're building dams, building the country back up, replenishing the earth, remembering where we come from."

A few minutes earlier on Highway 290—the Austin-to-Fredricksburg road—a new purple Cadillac had been creeping along at 30 mph. Texans are restless and mobile people. They leap into their cars and drive 300 miles to see a football game or to whoop at a party with hardly more hesitation than a New Yorker would feel in venturing from midtown Manhattan to Brooklyn Heights. Ordinarily they push the 70-mph speed limit, roaring along with their radios playing loud and the air conditioners blowing and a can of beer open on the seat. But this purple Cadillac was barely making it at 30. At the wheel was a grint old woman, hunched forward, steering with both claws, fierce old

eyes peering straight ahead as if to be sure the road was clear of Apaches. On the rear window was a sticker: He's Not so Kind of Texas.

"I remember," James Ealy said, laughing about the old woman, "when Lyndon used to shine shoes here in town. Everbody was against us. Whenever we walked out the door we knew we might have to fight. Now most of 'em got these L.B.J. ALL THE WAY stickers on their cars. But you know that's a lot of bull. Plenty of people right here in town didn't vote for him."

James Ealy got up from the domino table. A visitor was playing *Everbody's O.K. on the L.B.J.* on the jukebox, which gives six records for a quarter. Pushing open the screen door, James Ealy stepped onto the sidewalk. Half a block away, on the square, was the Pedernales Hotel, which was being remodeled into a drive-in bank. Out at the southwest edge of town were several stone barns, farm buildings and a smokehouse that were built by the President's grandfather, Sam Ealy Johnson, and an uncle.

"Lyndon and I used to have a bike," James Ealy said, looking off toward the highway. "We had only one bike. Couldn't afford two. If we rode it 100 yards a chain fell off or something. So we worked on that bike all the time. We left it in a building right here in town. One night the building burned down. 'What happened to our bike?' Lyndon asked me. I told him it was gone. An awful thing. An awful thing to happen to kids."

James Ealy rolled another cigarette, expertly furrowing the paper and then pulling the string on the tobacco pouch with his teeth. "The big problem today, here or anywhere else, is education," he said. "We got to educate the people. They got to learn this is one world, and we all got to trade and deal and get along with one another or we're gonna have turmoil. People right here in this town don't realize that. They read about a longshoremen's strike, and they say, 'What is a longshoreman?' They never saw no water deeper than what's in a cow track."

But the Hill Country is the nation's top producer of mui-hair and figures in a great amount of international trading. It is difficult to drive a few miles through the hills without coming across herds of goats or sheep in the green, slanting meadows. Down the road from the Friendly Bar that afternoon the Future Farmers of America—a young people's organization—were bringing their sheep, goats and pigs to the Blanco County Fair Grounds for a stock show. Around the pens, where boys wrestled fat complaining sheep in for shearing, the air was thick with the stinging smell of hay and manure and with the rackety cries of the sheep and the buzzing of electric shears. Girls in cowboy hats and long pigtails walked arm in arm. Pickup trucks hauled trailers of livestock. Boys in wide hats, jeans, boots and high school letter jackets glanced sideways at visitors from the outlands—including a Dallas model who wore high black boots, pink stretch pants, a pink-and-orange sweater and wrap-around sunglasses. A few years ago such a costume at the Blanco County Fair would have meant instant gawking.

continued



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A pleasant evening to sit and relax. To greet friends with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps with Biarritz Cocktails (juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Hiram Walker Orange Curacao, 2 oz. Hiram Walker Brandy. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.)

After dinner, leisurely discussion, and many choices. Green Creme de Menthe or Brown Creme de Cacao on the rocks.



Or a Milady's Cocktail ($\frac{2}{3}$ part Hiram Walker Blackberry Flavored Brandy, $\frac{1}{3}$ part coffee cream. Shake with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.)

A breeze has sprung up. The night is clear. There's no hurry. A pleasant time to be in pleasant company, with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Creme de Menthe, Orange Curacao, 80 proof; Creme de Cacao 34 proof, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof, Hiram Walker Brandy, 40 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS

A SUNDAY OF 21 DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

But even the Future Farmers of America are jaded now with creatures from other worlds. The LBJ Ranch has been host to former German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, the late John F. Kennedy, López Matos, Hubert Humphrey, Van Cliburn, Milton Berle, a varied lot of others. After a Johnson City citizen sees Dean Rusk and Pierre Salinger walk into a store and buy jeans and then sees members of the Washington press corps strolling the streets with barbecue sauce on their lapels and with Stetson hats set squarely on their heads, like reservation Indians, then there is very little left in this life for a Johnson City citizen to be startled at.

In an arena next to the FFA exhibit pens that afternoon the Hill Country cowboys were having a rodeo. They ride their own circuit—Marble Falls, Lampasas, Fredericksburg, Johnson City, other towns 100 miles around. The riders, ropers and bulldoggers pay entry fees. The winners collect the money and the losers the splints. The dirt floor of the Blanco County Fair Grounds arena that afternoon had been trampled into a moonscape by hooves and fallen cowboys. Cars and pickups were parked around the wire fence of the arena, and people sat on hoods or stood in truck beds to watch. The grandstand was in shade and the concrete was cold. People came down to stand next to the fence to be in the sun.

While the cowboys, riding six or eight abreast, chased the bawling, round-eyed calves back up to the west chutes for another go-round, the loudspeaker on top of the wooden judging stand crackled with country music. *I'm Just an Amateur at Love and There'll Be Some Sad Squeals and Some Slow Ruffs Next Time You Come Staggerin' in.*

The announcer told jokes and talked to people in the crowd and consoled the losing riders and called out the cowboys' names—names that sounded like Jim McCorkle-dale, Smokey Kuykendall, Johnny Bearsfoot, Bean Crosby, names that one does not hear outside of rodeo arenas or working ranches. Cowboys are perhaps the only people in this country so tough that a male child can be named June or Jane and survive. It is a handy thing to remember that if one meets a cowboy named June or Jane one should talk softly and smile quite a bit.

Leaning against the arena fence, their fingers clutching the wire and their eyes studying the horses, were two old men. One wore overalls and a baseball cap and the other gray work clothes and a cowboy hat.

"Look thur at Ole Gray," said the one in the cowboy hat.

"Does his job. Lookit him keep that rope tight for that cowboy," said the baseball cap.

"Yew can't beat Ole Gray for a ropin' horse," said the cowboy hat.

Had they ever seen Lyndon Johnson on horseback?

"Used to see him ridin' a jackies to school," said the cowboy hat.

How is the President's horsemanship?

"Waal, Lyndon can ride a horse somewhat," said the cowboy hat. "But you got to remember he's been on a



James Earls Johnson has the same nose, ears and laughing mouth as his cousin Lyndon, and he can roll his own smokes, one-handed if need be.

horse a whole lot more in the last two years than he ever was the rest of his life put together."

The location where the photographs are taken of the President on horseback is a handsome spread 12 miles west of Johnson City on the blue stream of the Pedernales River. The LBJ Ranch itself has about 450 acres, minuscule by Texas standards. "You can't call 400 acres a ranch," the late J. Frank Dobie, teacher and writer, once said. "That's just a place." But the President owns or leases more than 7,000 acres in all, and that does narrowly qualify him as a rancher. Mr. Johnson was baptized at the age of 14 in the Pedernales—which he and other Hill Country people call the "Per-de-nal-is"—during a summer revival meeting of the First Christian Church of Johnson City. Once there were 200 pecan trees in front of the Johnson home on the bank of the Pedernales. But the river came up violently in 1952, as Hill Country rivers and creeks do after one of the hammering rains Texans refer to as gully-washers, and thundered over the bridge and ripped away the pecan trees. ("I'll see you soon," Mrs. Johnson frequently says, "if the Lord be willing and the creeks don't rise.") Mr. Johnson arrived in a helicopter, in the style of the Nouveau West, to rescue his wife and mother from that 1952 flood.

continued

The terraced front lawn, where the pecan trees were, is now a lovely patch of greenery—kept green by a sprinkler system—on which the President's blue-blooded Hereford cattle sometimes stand as if posing for a postcard. To the east of the ranch are two stone forts with thick walls and rifle slits, built a century ago for protection against Indian raids. The original stonework of the LBJ Ranch house was built about the same time. But the house has been modified and added to, and the old gingerbread wood sculpt has been removed from the edge of the roof. It is a plain white stone-and-frame farmhouse now, with a large, curving, heated swimming pool and a landing strip. The President bought the ranch, which is not far from the cabin in which he was born, from an aunt.

Ranch Road 1 cuts north from Highway 290 just west of Stonewall and runs beside the Pedernales before turning south to rejoin the highway at Hye. From the ranch road it is an easy golf shot across the river and the sloping lawn to the Johnson house. When the President is in residence, Ranch Road 1 is closed. The road is guarded at all times. If a car slows on Ranch Road 1 opposite the Johnson house, a security agent goes dashing across the lawn on some urgent mission, and two or three others peer at the car through binoculars. There is the feeling of machine-gun muzzles poking out of the brush and of unseen eyes staring from secret warrens. It is similar to the feeling one gets approaching the Brandenburg Gate on the border of East Berlin.

Geologically, the President's country is where the West truly begins. Coming in from the east across the Texas Gulf Coastal Plain the flatland suddenly breaks at Austin and rises into wooded hills. Along that hill line, known as the Balcones Escarpment, the earth's crust fractured millions of years ago and the Hill Country thrust up. The blacklands of cotton and grain sorghum end at Austin, where the Edwards Plateau emerges. Rocky ledges of Cretaceous limestones and shales rear up from what once was the floor of a warm, shallow sea. Fossil oysters, sea urchins, clams and snails lie among the rocks of the Hill Country with arrowheads and ax blades of the Comanches, Apaches and Tonkawas. Along the Pedernales Valley granite knobs jut out, but on the low slopes in the valley the soil is a sandy loam in which flourish the peach orchards of Stonewall and Fredericksburg. There is little use trying to farm the thin soil of the upper hills, although men have died in the attempt. Cedars, mesquite and cactus have taken over much of the high country. An almost mythical, gypsylike people called Cedar Choppers roam the great cedar brakes and cut fence posts when they are inclined to work. But the ranchers have begun removing the cedars by knocking them down with a heavy chain dragged between two tractors and then burning them to give the grass a chance to grow again. Acorns from the live oaks and oak beams from the mesquite trees are fattening feed for goats and sheep, al-

though the abrupt variety of the landscape can make goat catching much more difficult than goat raising.

The people out in that expanded country, where from a hilltop one can look for miles across progressions of hills and deep valleys, ridge after ridge, and see nothing moving but a vulture above a sun-spotted peak, have had to learn to laugh at themselves. On their radios they hear music like Cousin Fuzzy playing the *Pepi Pepper Polka*. And they listen to evangelists like Rev. J. C. Bishop of Dallas, who recently urged his audience: "They's lots of you folks out there got barns and farmlands standing idle, and you ain't doing nothing but paying taxes on them. What the Lord wants you to do is sell those barns and farmlands and send the money to me." Rev. Bishop fusts for 40 days and nights and, during that mystic period, offers to cure anything from eczema to headache. For the proper donation.

"My own notion," wrote Stanley Walker after he had renounced his New York newspaper career and returned to his farm outside Lampasas, on the northern rim of the Hill Country, "is that many parts of the Southwest, particularly central Texas, are almost ideal for horses, not bad for dogs, excellent for men who are innocent of Napoleonic aspirations, and just about as good for a woman as the woman wants to make it." In a letter to J. Frank Dobie, Walker wrote: "I love Texas. I returned to the state 16 years ago and never regretted the move. I expect to die out in the hills and to be buried there. But I am not blind. There is much about Texas that is depressing, ugly, disgusting. Why lie about it? Why, indeed, lie about anything?"

The usual grave in the Hill Country is 54 inches deep. The pioneers chose their gravesites on loamy or gravelly land with a gentle slope. In the late summer, after farm harvests are done, communities still turn out to work in the cemetery. They clean out the weeds and brush and plant flowers. When someone dies the men from nearby areas grab shovels and volunteer as gravediggers. That manifestation of human interdependence carries over from the days when each man in the hills needed his neighbor for reasons more vital than borrowing a pound of coffee. It was less than 100 years ago—on July 21, 1869—that the last scalping occurred in Blanco County.

On Cypress Creek, a short ride north of Johnson City, a raiding party of Comanches rushed out of the trees and attacked the cabin of Thomas C. Felps. The Indians stripped Felps's 19-year-old wife, Eliza, beat her with a war club, speared her through the breast, cut a circle on the crown of her head, and yanked off her hair. Tom Felps was killed but not scalped, possibly because of his red hair. Neighbor Sam Ealy Johnson Sr., the President's grandfather, who had been raising cattle in the Hill Country with his brother, Tom, and driving herds up the trail to Kansas markets since the 1850s, organized the pursuit. He left his own wife, Eliza Burton Johnson, alone with their baby at their log cabin. Returning from the spring with a bucket of water,

continued



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FORBIDDING LAND continued

she saw some of her cows gallop past with Comanche arrows sticking out of their hides. She realized the Indians had doubled back. Eliza Johnson took her baby down into a basement storage shelter. She inched a braided rug over the trap door and tied a diaper over the baby's mouth to hush its cries. She heard the Comanches stomping about in the cabin above. They destroyed the Johnsons' wedding gifts, stole the horses and rode away before Sam Ealy Johnson returned. The past is still very real in the Hill Country. It was 1871 before a railroad reached Austin. Cattle were driven north into the Chisholm Trail and on to Kansas as late as 1900.

Some of the Hill Country's early settlers were Germans. After the French revolution of July 1830, the German princes ruled their provinces with vigorous military discipline and forced out thousands of students, professors, craftsmen and farmers. Many of the exiles came to Texas through the influence of travel books that, unfortunately, were more romantic than true. A group of noblemen, the Manner Adelsverein, met various disasters as a result of the naïveté of their ideas of colonization before Prince Carl of Solms-Braunfels bought 1,300 acres on the Comal and Guadalupe rivers and founded New Braunfels, 50 miles southwest of Austin. Baron Ottfried Hans von Meusebach led an exploring party into the hills 75 miles northwest of New Braunfels, bought 10,000 acres and distributed the land in 10-acre plots. There, in 1846, the town of Fredericksburg began. The first community dinner was a roasted bear.

One year later Mormon Leader Lyman Wight, who had got himself excommunicated by feuding with Brigham Young for control of the Mormons after Joseph Smith was killed by a mob, brought his followers down from Illinois into the Hill Country and founded the town of Zodiac, five miles east of Fredericksburg. Wight and his people supplied the Germans with meal and lumber and taught them to farm the Texas soil. A flash flood of the Pedernales washed away the mills of Zodiac in 1851. Wight and his faithful abandoned Zodiac and wandered Texas searching for the new

Zion. He died near San Antonio, with Zion unlocated.

But by then the Hill Country was becoming sophisticated. In the valley town of Sisterdale weekly meetings of the German scientific and philosophical society were conducted in Latin. Joseph Brodbeck, a Württemberg scholar, taught school in Fredericksburg and built a flying machine that was powered up to the treetops by its coiled spring engine in 1865—less than 30 years after the Battle of the Alamo and more than 40 years before the Wright brothers exhibited their machine. Count Jean Peter Isidore Alphonse de Saligny, French chargé d'affaires to the Texas Republic, was living in Austin, giving fancy parties and curving the hogs that rooted up his gardens. Square dances at the Bismarck Garden in Fredericksburg were called in French. Sir Svante Palm, a Swede, gave his book collection to the University of Texas in 1897 as a foundation for what became one of the world's finest libraries. Emir Hunyadi, exiled former Lord Mayor of Budapest, was professor of music at Swincoat's Academy in Austin in the 1860s. Long before that the Spanish had built El Camino Real, a highway with fords that could be used in all but the foulest weather. The highway passed through San Antonio en route to Natchitoches to connect Mexico with French Louisiana. Franciscan Fathers in the 18th century built three missions on the present site of Austin before the Indians drove them out and forced them to relocate in San Antonio. The Villa de San Marcos de Neve was built on a bluff above the Guadalupe River near the El Camino Real crossing in 1807 by Don Felipe Roque de la Portilla. More than a century later, Lyndon B. Johnson was graduated from Southwest Texas State Teachers College in the town of San Marcos.

The settling of Austin by buffalo hunters, one of whom was Marabate Buonaparte Lamar, President-elect of the Republic of Texas—in the mid-1830s—pushed the Indians into the hills of the south and west and up the river valleys to the north. The Indians retaliated by raiding the outlying communities until Baron von Meusebach made peace for

continued

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the German villages, Baron von Mensebach, known as *El Sol Colorado* (The Red Sun) by the Indians because of his fiery beard, guided a party of Germans into Comanche country on the San Saba River to meet with Comanche chiefs in 1847. Indian scouts along the path of march lit signal fires on the hilltops to let the chiefs know where the Germans were and how many men they had. The children in an unprotected cabin near Fredericksburg saw the fires and asked their mother what they meant. To keep from frightening them, she explained that the rabbits in the hills had gathered wild flowers for the Easter rabbit, and the fires were flaring under great cauldrons in which Easter eggs were boiling and being colored by the wild flowers. When the men came back from Comanche territory the children told them the story. It was decided that as long as the treaty held, fires would be built on the hills around Fredericksburg at Easter. The ceremony, with the retelling of the story, has been an annual affair ever since.

But the German settlers did not get on so well with their fellow Texans. When the Civil War came, the Hill Country voted against secession and has remained traditionally Republican. Most of the Texans had come from southern states and were not only accustomed to slavery but were sentimentally bound to the Confederacy. The Germans had never owned slaves and had no use for them. A party of more than 70 German men tried to march from the Hill Country to Mexico and planned to sail from there to join the Union Army. They were ambushed and killed. Today there is a monument to them in Comfort—the only monument in the South dedicated to Union sympathizers. Groups of outlaws, the *Hungerforde*, rode the mountains hanging Germans and stealing their property in the name of the Confederacy. Bitterness lived for years in the hills and broke out again, though not so violently, during the two World Wars.

The Hill Country is one of seven distinct biotic areas of Texas. But it is the only one that is uniquely Texan, located completely within the boundaries of the state. The plants and animals on the Edwards Plateau are western in nature.

Forests of stumpy evergreens—which the cowboys call shinnery because they scrape the legs of a man on horseback—grow in the scant upland soil. In places the shinnery gives way to heavy stands of cedar. Hill Country valleys are thick with post oak, pecans, bald cypress, cottonwood, hackberry, elm, sycamores, the live oaks that the President often mentions and plum and peach orchards. Sugar maples stand along the Sabinal River Valley and give the country in autumn the look of New England.

Wild flowers, one of which, the blue-bonnet, is the state flower, carpet the Hill Country. In the spring the roadsides are a crazy palette of buttercups, phlox, verbenas, daisies, black-eyed Susans, fire wheels, ground cherries, prickly poppies, tomatillos, nettles and sunflowers. The blue-green of the mountain laurel and the yellow flowers of the chaparral lure swarms of bees and butterflies. Through that busy garden step an overabundance of deer. Hunting is a major occupation of the Hill Country. With the larger predators—the gray wolf, the red wolf, the black bear and the ocelot—mostly eliminated by ranchers trying to protect their stock, deer are multiplying at an astonishing rate. More deer are killed in Llano County each year than in any other area of comparable size in the nation.

Deer eat mostly on "browse"—the nibblings from tree branches and weeds, feed that cattle do not bother with. The ranchers have begun to put out salt for the deer and, sometimes, to feed deer with their cattle. In the Hill Country it takes 10 to 15 acres of grazing land to support one cow. Five deer can thrive on the same amount of land. A rancher can lease out a typical 1,000-acre section to perhaps 10 hunters at \$100 per gun for the season, which runs from mid-November until the end of the year, and can earn \$1,000 with little effort. After the lessees have shot their limit—two bucks, unless the rancher also has a doe permit—the rancher usually lets out his lease to day hunters at \$10 per gun per day. Most of the Hill Country deer are rather small, because

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FORBIDDING LAND *continued*

of overpopulation, but *Dallas Morning News* Outdoor Editor Ken Force last season shot an 11-point buck that dressed out at 110 pounds and supplied a considerable amount of venison chili.

Wild turkeys are plentiful in the Hill Country. And from the deep caves of the plateau limestone at dusk flap black clouds of Mexican freetailed bats and Mexican cave bats. One cave, the Devil's Sink Hole in Edwards County—according to an excellent guidebook called *A President's Countee*, published by the Ex-Students Association of the University of Texas—has more than eight million bats. The poisonous snakes lying in the brush and rocks of the Hill Country are the diamondback rattler, the black rattler, the copperhead, the water moccasin, the rock rattler and the coral snake. Fortunately, the incidence of snakebite is low. Two boys, groping recently with their hands for catfish in the ponds of a drying stream, located a fish under a rock but could not quite reach it. After each of the boys had felt under the rock to tickle the fish's belly, they climbed out and turned over the rock. What they had been tickling was the belly of a copperhead snake, which evidently was quite pleased.

Fish in the Hill Country are hardly that difficult to come by. Black bass of up to nine pounds are taken from the Highland Lakes, usually on spoons or plugs. The phenomenon of Highland Lakes fishing, though, is the white or sand bass. From a high bank one may see a thousand acres of sand bass feeding on shad in the early morning or just before sunset. The sandie, though seldom weighing as much as three pounds, is a vigorous fighter on light tackle. The most fearsome-looking creature in the Hill Country is the collared lizard or mountain boomer. Running on its hind legs the mountain boomer resembles a midget dinosaur, and it can break the skin with its bite. Above the mountain boomers and other lizards soar hatcher birds, meadow larks, swallows, sparrows, bluejays, redbirds, mockingbirds, scissor-tails, hawks and vultures. Mourning dove and bobwhite quail are there in great numbers. But the roadrunner, often seen hurtling through the mesquite

in pursuit of a snake, is the celebrity of Hill Country birddom. J. Frank Dobie wanted the roadrunner rather than the mockingbird to be adopted as the state's official bird.

Until his recent death Professor Dobie was the leading nonpolitical citizen of the Hill Country. Dobie had a ranch just outside Austin and a house in town and he taught at the University of Texas. Although San Antonio, a charming old city with a Spanish mission heritage and many flower gardens and restaurants along its downtown river, is located at the south drop of the Edwards Plateau, Austin is the city that most Hill Country people think of as their own. Historian Walter Prescott Webb lived in Austin for many years, as did Naturalist Roy Bedichek. Poet and self-styled parapsychic Roger Shattuck and prize-winning Novelist William Brammer are in residence there now, along with classical scholars William Arrowsmith and John Sullivan, Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones, who wrote the hit musicals *The Fantasticks* and *110 in the Shade*, do much of their composing at Wimberley, a dude-ranch town south of Austin.

Austin has fairly well-defined social groups—politicians, university people, businessmen. But the classes get tumbled at the city's frequent parties. It is not at all out of the way to see a writer like Brammer dining with Texas Football Coach Darrell Royal at a Mexican restaurant like El Rancho, where the President often eats. Because of archaic state laws that forbid selling liquor by the drink except in private clubs and that force all bars to close at midnight on weekdays, most entertaining is done in the home.

Austin is built on seven hills at a place where the Colorado River Valley is six miles wide. It is a clean and comfortable city of twisting streets that lift and fall among shaded lawns. Many of Austin's old stone buildings and Victorian mansions are still in decent repair, which gives the city a grace that comes with the awareness of the past; however, there is a disturbing move toward the new high-rise glass-and-steel apartments that stand on blocks of terraced land like upturned fish tanks. The Colorado River flows

continued



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FORBIDDING LAND *by Richard*

through the city and catches its lights in dark water. To the west in the hills above Lake Austin, it is possible to live in splendid isolation in homes that cling to the cliffs like those of Sausalito or the French Riviera and yet be able to drive downtown in 15 minutes. The home of Artist Fletcher Boone and his wife, Jean, a local television personality, is within sight of the University Tower and the red granite state capitol building, but deer have trampled a path across their lawn and must be watched for when backing the car down the driveway at night.

Fittingly, the two structures that dominate the city are the University Tower, which lights up orange after a University of Texas victory in a major sport, and the capitol, next largest after the Capitol of the U.S. When the state legislature is in session every other spring, the politicians and the university people and some of the businessmen mix with descendants of the German settlers at the Scholz Garten, an old wooden building with tables out back under the oak trees. The outdoor beer garden is enclosed to the south by a meeting and singing hall (*Willkommen Sanger*, says the sign above the back door of Scholz's), to the east by a small bowling alley where the pins are set by hand and to the west by the Scholz building. It is at the outdoor tables on spring nights while loudspeakers belch music from the branches of the oaks—*One Life for Ten Is the Diesel Driver's Code, He's the Widower of the Road and Who Do I Do the Bad Things That I Do?*—that the liberals and conservatives of the legislature argue their tedious points and the students observe their professors in the act of being human.

Around a single table at the Scholz Garten one may find a bewildering assortment of people: an Englishman who runs a book store that specializes in 18th-century literature, the editor of *Texas Observer* (an independent liberal newspaper that is one of Texas' clearest, if not loudest, voices), a Dallas newspaper columnist, a physicist called Dirty Tom ("All I want to do is build them bombs," he says), a cowboy, a state senator, a painter, a writer, a fellow with a

guitar and sandals and Buffalo Bill haircut, a football coach, a labor lawyer, a classiest, a millionaire. And innumerable girls. The prettiest girls on earth. One of them rides to work on her motorcycle wearing jeans, sweater and headband. "When I get to the office," she says, "off come the headband and the jeans. I'm wearing a skirt underneath. I take my high-heeled shoes out of my purse, and I'm a square's supersecretary. I don't know what my boss would do if he saw me on my motorcycle and found out I'm a beatnik." At the Scholz Garten are students playing chess, Germans shouting songs, politicians scuffling around in the power game, a professor scratching notes for a book on Ezra Pound, some young men putting together a scrappily funny satiric magazine called *THE Austin Iconoclast*—an incredibly mangled group, somewhat like a displaced-persons camp, some of them hating the place and some of them loving it but all of them addicted to it. Owner Bob Bales has provided nourishment for numerous indigent writers. "I'm a businessman, but I'm also a citizen," he says. "What kind of citizen would I be if I helped to make the writers shut up?" His attitude is in contrast to that of an Austin banker who was asked to contribute money toward restoring O. Henry's old house on East Fifth Street in Austin. "I can't help," the banker replied. "In fact, I do not understand this sudden excitement, I knew the man called O. Henry—Will Porter, that is—very well indeed. Worked with him, in fact. He was a very indifferent bookkeeper."

Austin and the Hill Country still have room for the individual. People who are viewed with suspicion and fear in the conforming, image-coveting, salesmanship city of Dallas, 200 miles to the northeast, feel free in Austin. Home to Austin is where John Henry Faulk went when he was blacklisted by the networks. Since then he has won a \$3.5 million libel suit over the blacklisting and is working again in radio, TV and motion pictures, but Faulk still maintains his Austin home in addition to his West Side apartment in Manhattan. Folk Musicologist Alan Lomax and Poet Randall Jarrell are Scholz Garten veterans, as is

Congressman and Historian Maury Maverick Jr., Novelist Larry McMurtry, author of the novel that was made into the movie *Hud*, comes sliding into the Scholz Garten, grinning, wary, with his small son by the hand. Photographer Russell Lee lives in Austin and recently shared his Scholz Garten table with writers Aubrey Goodman and Jay Milner. Sam Houston Johnson, brother of the President, is an Austin resident. So is a man who breaks wild buffalo for saddle riding.

The Hill Country from the tables at the Scholz Garten to the mountains of Kerrville, from the country store that sells jawbreakers in Ding Dong to the red-tile roofs of the Spanish haciendas in San Antonio is a country where it is still a virtue for a man to own his own piece of land and to work it, where there is dancing room for the spirit. The puritans and the thought controllers, who rule much of the state and deny Texans such freedoms as the right to drink, bet on a horse or read an uncensored book, do not have much power in the Hill Country. The wide polished sky and the awesome land reduce their hysterics to absurdities.

But like most of the places in the U.S. that are wild and free, the Hill Country in its present form may be disappearing. Because of the popularity of Lyndon Johnson, tourists are entering the Hill Country, though as yet somewhat timidly. There are picnic-lunch sacks crumpled on the banks of the Blanco River where it rushes, clear over the limestone and blue in the channels, near the high blue ridges of The Devil's Backbone. More dude ranches are opening. Some of the working ranchers are selling out to syndicates from Dallas and Houston. There are grand plans for resorts—hunting and fishing and horseback-riding motels with neon signs and leatherette couches and mustard and catsup in little plastic boxes and, God knows, maybe even Scorpions, which may become known as the last defeat of civilized man. But the Hill Country has one weapon, perhaps an ultimate one, against encroachment, and that is the stubbornness and loneliness of the land itself. It is not the place for everybody.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

By MARK MULVOY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"We don't want to look like bums in the greatest ball park in the world," explained Houston's (16-1) Manager Luman Harris as the Astros (9-2) under the Dome extended their win streak to 10 games. Jim Wynn and Bob Aspromonte provided the punch. Dave Gussiti (see right) and Reliever Claude Raymond the pitching. Eddie Kasko's two-out, two-run double in the ninth beat New York, prompting Aspromonte to crack. "Keep hitting like that and we'll have to cut you in on the World Series money," Cincinnati (16-1) finished its best April since 1939 with a 9-5 record. Tommy Harper (four hits twice) forced Chicago Pitcher Ernie Broglio to balk him home with the winning run in the 14th inning. Pete Rose tapped eight straight hits at home (5-2) had a simple formula for beating Pittsburgh. Twice, Bill White doubled in the seventh inning and scored the decisive run on a single by Phil Grubbs—and both scores were 1-2. A win-walker (4-3) official, Chairman of the Board William Bartholomew, finally saw the Braves play at home, but few else did. They averaged only 3,204 for six dates. Eddie Matthews hit his 450th home run. Tommy Davis fractured and dislocated his right ankle (page 30), and that was the toughest loss for Los Angeles (4-3). The Dodgers snatched three games from San Francisco (3-3) before Willie McCovey's pair of homers beat L.A. in 10 innings. Many A's topped Philadelphia with a ninth-inning home run one night and four RBIs the next. "We lack the superiority feeling of last year," complained Philadelphia (3-4) Manager Gene Mauch. The Phillies also lacked pitching and fielding. The pitchers gave up 36

runs in the losses. The fielders made 14 errors. The Phils hit six homers against the Giants but still lost 14-13. Powerless Pittsburgh (3-6) scored only 19 runs and made 15 errors. New York (8-6) edged without one strike of becoming a .500 club for the first time ever. The strike was hit for a double and started the Mets' plunge. Ron Swoboda, 20, hit his fifth home run. Reliever Ted Abernathy preserved Larry Jackson's first victory for Cincinnati (2-5), and Lincecum pushed his league-leading RBI total to 22.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In real time (5-2) they call Jerry Adair the "wall-to-wall carpet." The second baseman secured that distinction when he broke three fielding records while the Orioles won three of four from New York. Adair erased Bobby Doerr's 1948 AL record for consecutive errorless chances (414). He also surpassed both of the late Kenny Hubbs' major-league marks—consecutive errorless chances (418) and consecutive errorless games (78). Robin Roberts won two games and shut out the Yankees. Jimmy Piersall's heads-up base running popped Los Angeles (4-2). Piersall forced Willie Smith at second on an attempted sacrifice, but he dashed safely to second himself when Detroit left the bag unprotected. Jim Leflore then singled Piersall home with the winning run, Minnesota (3-3) won with Camilo Pascual (two-hitter and a grand-slam home run) and Jim Gram (three-hit shutout). The Twins lost with Cesar Tovar, whose errors cost them two games. Harmon Killebrew received "power hitting" instruction from Coach Jim Lemon, responded with his first extra-base hit, a double, his first home run and then a game-winning double against Chicago. Mickey Lohse pitched a penny near home plate and won in relief when he struck (3-3) scored one run in the ninth. "If we needed five runs I'd have found a nickel," he said. Hank Aguirre (three-hit shutout) won his third game, to go 115 days ahead of his 1964 pace. After 10 times out was (3-2) finally received a complete game as John Buzhardt defeated Boston. Joe Mauer followed with another nine-inning job and beat Minnesota. Second baseman Don Buford (10 for 20) jumped his average from .100 to .111. Chuck Hinton helped Cincinnati (3-3) beat Washington with a couple of home runs, then helped the Senators when he caught a foul pop outside first, hesitated and permitted Eddie Brinkman to score the winning run. Astros (2-3) swept a doubleheader from Detroit as rookie Catcher Mike Ryan hit two home runs. New York (2-3) lost Roger Maris for three weeks with an injury. Jim Bouton and

Al Downing were rapped by Baltimore, but Whitey Ford won another. Washington (3-4) Manager Gil Hodges received an anonymous one-word telegram reading: FATH. The Senators then won two from Cleveland. "The way we've been going I'll have to start playing the mule," shrugged Kansas City (3-4) Owner Charles O. Finley. Ken Harrison was the most successful A's player. He stayed aboard the mule Charlie O during a wild ride in Yankee Stadium.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Dave Gussiti (see right) expected to pitch this season for the Houston Astros' farm team in Oklahoma City. "I took a temporary apartment in Houston and didn't bother to get a telephone," he admits. Gussiti, 25, ordered the phone last week after complete-game wins over Pittsburgh and Chicago liked his season's record to 4-0. "It's still too early to tell," he claims. "I just hope I have arrived and that my success is not because of the Dome." An off-season high school science teacher who holds a degree from Syracuse University, Gussiti won three games under the Dome after his first win, in relief in Philadelphia, started Houston's streak. He beat Pittsburgh in relief to earn a starting assignment and now is Manager Luman Harris' top pitcher. In 2½ innings Dave allowed 12 hits, two earned runs and one walk. He struck out 15 and had an 0.78 earned-run average. "My first ball is the pitch," says Gussiti, who also throws a change-of-pace palm ball in addition to a curve and a slider. "I used to throw the fast ball too hard, with too much effort—and I was real wild. Now I throw it naturally, and I'm not afraid to use it in any situation."



DAVE GUSSITI PACED HOUSTON

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs	RBI's	BA
LA	Parker 12	Robinson 10	Ford 264
Sea	Wynn 15	Wynn 11	Wynn 254
Chi	Marquis 16	Robinson 14	Robinson 220
W	Mathews 11	Mathews 13	Mina 126
Chi	Santo 12	Banks 20	Banks 181
SF	Flood 12	Flood 10	Brick 213
SF	Wynn 15	Mina 11	P. Alou 240
Phi	Allen 13	3 with 10	Allen 194
Phi	Scheffold 8	Shelley 7	Woods 217
NY	Knappe 10	Knappe 13	Knappe 407

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chi	Ceder 9	Ceder 7	Ceder 250
Det	McKaffie 14	Kalene 10	McKaffie 250
W	Hall 13	Ossa 12	Alison 417
Chi	Wagner 12	Calhoun 14	Wagner 333
NY	Travis 12	Kalene 10	Richardson 308
Phi	Graham 12	Powell 14	Aponte 305
LA	5 with 5	2 with 10	Adcock 317
Bro	Compton 11	2 with 10	Wardlaw 310
W	Hewitt 8	Hewitt 8	Ward 313
NY	3 with 5	Gentry 5	Casady 295

Based statistics through Saturday, May 7

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEW LOOK

Sirs:

Thank you for Barbara La Fontaine's story, "He's Just Got That Look" (April 26). At last we can see Sonny Liston as a person capable of having feelings and displaying emotions. Your discerning article certainly is a departure from the image so commonly put forth by the majority of the press.

H. L. SUGR

Peabody, Mass.

Sirs:

Three well-deserved cheers for a magnificent article on Sonny Liston. Sure, everyone knows Sonny has faults, which are hidden in this heart-warming story, but let's face it, who doesn't? Win or lose, Sonny Liston is still the true heavyweight champ among hooks.

TONY LACROCCIO

Montreal

Sirs:

I'm 14 years old, and I think people my age need a champion we respect. Before this article I could not respect Sonny Liston, because I thought he was a drunk and a person who had no respect for the law. After reading this article I realize what kind of a person he really is, and I do respect him.

JIM WARREN

South San Francisco

Sirs:

I would like to thank SI and Barbara La Fontaine for bringing to light the true nature of a misrepresented and misinterpreted man.

BOB SPILLER

Bowling Green, Ohio

THE HOMES OF THE BRAVES

Sirs:

Thank you for your moving article on the "passing" of our Milwaukee Braves (*Leads Us Lids: Matthews*, April 26). The wistful look on the face of the old lady who has been attending Opening Day games of the Braves and the Braves in Milwaukee for 50 years reflects the feelings of all of us diehard Brave fans. That face mirrored the many pleasant memories of happier years and the fond hope that someone will come to Milwaukee's rescue in this outrageous situation before it is too late.

JAN T. SCHOLLER

Kenosha, Wis.

Sirs:

Thirteen years ago I was a young fan of the Boston Braves. When they left town my heart went to Milwaukee with them. There could never be another Spahn, and even Ted Williams could not match the potential of a young third baseman named Matthews.

Now once again the Braves are packing. Mr. McHale's decision to move his traveling road show has done what 12 years of absence could not do: the Braves are no longer my team and baseball is no longer my sport. Mr. Penni had a legitimate reason to move in 1953. Boston could not support two teams, and the Braves were clearly the one to go. However the situation in Milwaukee is different. The fact that a team has a couple of poor years at the gate is not reason enough to move, especially in view of last year's rejuvenation.

Someday the glamor will wear off in Atlanta. The team will drop in the standings, and the fans will stay home. I don't know what Mr. McHale will do then. For the first time since they left they are not even welcome back in Boston.

STEVE ADRIANO

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Why is everyone feeling so sorry for Milwaukee? The Braves have played there for only 12 years. They played in Boston for over 75 years, and when they decided to move to Milwaukee hardly a word was spoken in protest. But now Milwaukee is screaming foul because the Braves have decided to move again. It is really only poetic justice; they should not have had the Braves in the first place.

However, neither the Boston Brave fans nor the Milwaukee Brave fans should be pined as much as the Atlanta fans. Atlanta has gotten hold of the most cruel, heartless, money-mad and, now, the most hated team in baseball—a team that will move, disregarding all its loyal fans, as soon as the attendance falls below one million.

It will be the Atlanta Braves in 1966, but will it be the same in 1976? I doubt it.

STEVE EVANS

Boston

Sirs:

For in good time all things will come to all people. That has been the ruling thought for many years in the minds of many people in Atlanta. Ever since the '30s, Atlanta has been looking toward the major leagues. We have had a hand in producing some of its most outstanding players—including Eddie Matthews. Probably the Atlanta franchise has been the most successful operation in baseball, not only in the minors but the majors as well. In the days when the old Southern League was Class A-A, Atlanta supported itself as well as the rest of the teams.

In losing seasons, faithful Atlanta fans have turned out in better numbers than those in many of the major league ones—many of them walking two miles to the ball

park. This I know, because they passed me as I headed for the same destination.

Heaven knows we have had some frustrating experiences here in Atlanta, too. For years there has been an attempt to erect a stadium to house baseball properly. Finally Mayor Ivan Allen came along. Not only that, we were also handicapped by the race issue. Strangely enough, this was not really so much the sin of Atlanta as it was of the small county people. I can remember a good Negro player who had to be placed with Jacksonville, because of provincial minds, when the Braves had a former working agreement with Atlanta. That was a burden we were forced to live with and outlive. Had it not been for this the Braves might never have visited Milwaukee—even temporarily. In the days when Eddie Matthews played with Atlanta we were only 300,000 in population, but our attendance record proved big-league caliber. Seven thousand to 10,000 per game was great attendance in any league. Now Eddie is coming home and bringing his friends with him. We are grateful, humbly so. We've waited 20 years.

GEORGE GRAHAM

Atlanta, Ga.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Sirs:

My thanks to Franklin Russell for his fine article on cod fishing in Newfoundland (*A Cold Down Run from Walleye But no Eelworm*, April 26). It brings back fond memories to me and to, I'm sure, anyone else who knows the thrill of heading down the bay, out into open waters to our favorite fishing spot. There is nothing quite like "boiling the pot" in a motorboat and sitting down to a feed of cod's heads, tongues and the rest.

The sad part of it is that—once more—the ugly head of automation reaches out to gobble up the last remains of our heritage. Our Canadian government allows foreign trawlers from across the ocean, with their floating factories, to invade our waters, and with their equipment they are putting the independent fishermen of Newfoundland out of business.

The day will soon be gone when, in the still of the early morning, the sounds of the one-cylinder motors can be heard heading out of the bay. So once again, Mr. Russell, "thanks for the memories."

ARLE GREEN

Toronto, Ont.

SLEEPY ISSUE

Sirs:

We were grateful to see that you have given the pollution, by acid mine drainage, of Slippery Rock Creek nationwide attention.

continued

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18TH HOLE (continued)

(SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, April 5), but we regret that this is necessary.

No God-fearing man in this area has given up the fight, however, and letters by the thousands are being piled up on the desks of our state senators and representatives demanding support of House Bill 585, which is designed to strengthen the hand of the State Sanitary Water Board in dealing with all forms of water pollution.

The head of the Pennsylvania Sanitary Water Board, who pleaded inability to prevent the "death" of Slippery Rock Creek as a trout stream—because his hands were tied by the inadequacy of the laws—is now fighting the very bill that would give him the necessary legal recourse to do his job.

It is through the efforts of such fine publications as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that the plight of our streams has been brought into national focus, and we hope that our combined efforts may result in the eternal protection of our heritage.

WILLIAM J. MATTHEWS

Slippery Rock, Pa.

POINTERS

Sirs:

Your baseball statistics (April 19) are certainly more significant measures of a player's value than the standard statistics of batting averages, RBIs, home runs, stolen bases, etc. However, even further improvement is possible. Under a system which I have developed, all phases of offensive baseball can be combined into one statistic. This overall figure is possible since the offensive game has essentially three components—getting on base, advancing runners to scoring position and scoring runners.

In this system, points are awarded for successes in each of these phases of the game and the total divided by the number of at bats. As a simple example, a batter would get three points for sagging in a runner from second and then later stealing second base. He would also get three points for hitting a home run with the bases empty since, as in the first example, he got on base, advanced a runner (himself) to scoring position and scored a runner (again himself).

Several advantages of the system are readily apparent:

- 1) Hits with men on base are scored more highly than hits made with the bases empty.
- 2) A walk, under certain circumstances, is worth just as much as a base hit and can be so rewarded.
- 3) Perhaps the most important advantage is that every ballplayer can be compared with every other ballplayer. This system provides a common denominator by which such diverse phases of the game as base stealing and home run hitting can be included in the evaluation of a player's performance.

WILLIAM A. BREYANT

Morgantown, Pa.

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A Little Game That Turned TV Loose on Sports

by LEONARD KOPPETT

A little over a quarter of a century ago, on Wednesday, May 17, 1939, one of the least-noticed sports events of its time turned out to be a milestone in sports history. Some might argue that what it foreshadowed was more like a milestone. That day the second game of a baseball doubleheader between Princeton and Columbia at Columbia's Baker Field became the first sports event to be publicly televised.

Neither sports nor television has ever recovered. Within a year a dozen other types of contests had made their debut on the little screen. Within 10 years sports events were the backbone of television programming. Within 20 years any major sports promotion without some fundamental involvement with television income was unthinkable.

And yet at the time it seemed only a casual stunt, like television itself. About two weeks before, the first real telecast in the U.S. had taken place: President Franklin D. Roosevelt attended the opening of the New York World's Fair ("Building the World of Tomorrow"), and the National Broadcasting Company carried the ceremonies over its experimental station W2XBS. That program cost nearly \$100,000 to produce.

There were fewer than 400 television sets in the New York area capable of picking up such a program. They had five-, nine- and 12-inch reflecting screens, and the cheapest set cost about \$600. A few wealthy individuals perhaps had home sets, but most of those in existence were in the possession of people with some related professional interest—advertising agency executives, engineers and broadcasting industry personnel.

In those days a Columbia-Princeton game still had a certain amount of prestige, at least as far as newspapers were concerned. They were playing in the Eastern Intercollegiate League, and although the term Ivy League was just coming into use, the social status it implied was well understood.

Only a few dozen spectators showed up at Baker Field for the doubleheader with Princeton, even though it was a bright, sunny Wednesday night at the end of the semester. They found a better show than they expected. To the left of home plate, just 19 feet from the plate and back from the third-base line, a 12-foot-high platform had been erected. On the wooden platform 16 busy men, two card tables and a strange rectangular box on a tripod were crowded together.

The box was an iconoscope camera of primitive design. Cables ran from the camera and other equipment to a large vanlike truck parked nearby, a truck that is a commonplace sight today but seemed surrealistic then. From the truck wires were strung to the top of a flagpole, where a mysterious set of rods constituted the antenna. From the antenna the picture was to be transmitted to receiving equipment on the 85th floor of the Empire State Building, about nine miles away in the microwave flies. From there it would be retransmitted to whatever sets could receive it.

All through the first game, which Princeton won 8-6, the spectators and many of the players paid more attention to the setting up of this futuristic equipment than to the action on the field. Between games the program started in appallingly prophetic fashion: pregame interviews on camera of Andy Coakley, the Columbia coach, and Bill Clarke, the Princeton coach. Bill Stern was the commentator.

When it came time to start the second game, the director, Burke CroTTY, actually had to wave the players to their positions so that they would be on the field when the camera panned the playing area for the first time.

That, however, was about all the camera could do. Once the game began, little could be seen but the pitcher or the batter, and only one at a time, because the camera couldn't focus on both. Its range could take in about 50

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First TV Game

feet of playing area. None of the actual fielding plays could be shown.

"We were dunces, but in that one game we learned a complete lesson on how not to televise a sports event," says Bill Stern today. "If for one thing, we learned that you cannot televise a baseball game with one camera—we couldn't follow the flight of the ball and, of course, there was no such thing as a close-up of the batter's box.

"We pleaded with the ump's to be more emphatic with their calls and we actually prayed that all the batters would strike out, because that was the one thing the camera could record. Also, I was talking radio and made the classic mistake of describing action that viewers couldn't see on their screens." Stern, of course, was working without a monitor, looking at the actual scene with no accurate way of knowing what portion of it was being included on the telecast.

At Radio City, in the NBC studios, 10 men sat in a darkened room and watched the action on their 7½-by-10-inch screen. They were NBC executives and a few newspapermen. The reactions were wildly irrelevant. "Where are the peanuts, the pop, the scorecards, the hot dogs and the mustard pot?" one reporter wrote. "You're still better off paying your coin for a bleacher seat because at the park you run a 100-to-1 chance of getting a new baseball in your lap," wrote another.

One critic, missing the frame of mind of his future countrymen by the widest margin, declared: "Telev viewers become impatient and restless because they know from the telltale brilliancy of the screen that 'Somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.'"

The game Columbia and Princeton played that day was scheduled to be a seven-inning game, as all EIL double-headers were at the time. By losing the first game Columbia faced the necessity of winning the second to stay alive in the pennant race. Hector Dowd, a junior, pitched for Columbia against Dan Carmichael. They battled right through seven innings, with the score 1-1, through the eighth and the ninth. In the 10th Carmichael himself singled and eventually came around with the run that meant a 2-1 victory.

The whole game, extra innings and all, consumed two hours and 19 minutes of air time (ah, happy days!) and cost NBC about \$3,000.

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